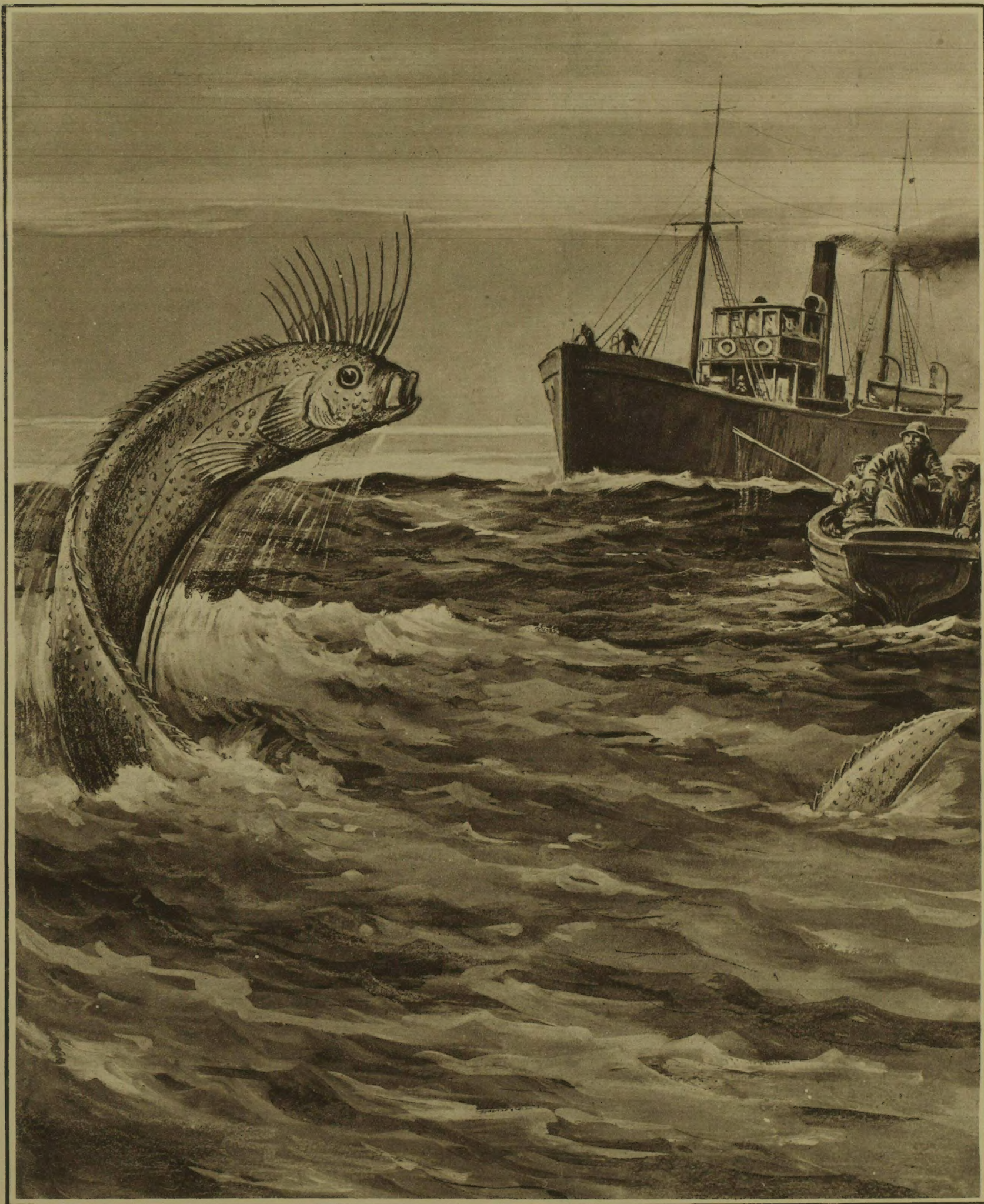


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1921.

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THE "SEA SERPENT": THE FLAT OAR-FISH, OR RIBBON-FISH (CAUSE OF MANY SENSATIONAL "YARNS")
DESCRIBED IN A POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURE.

The growing popularity of natural science lectures is shown by the success of those delivered at the Royal Institution by Professor J. A. Thomson, of Aberdeen University, on "The Haunts of Life." The first, on "The School of the Shore," was illustrated in our issue of January 15. Next came that on "The Open Sea," in which the Professor described (among many others) the curious creature shown in the above drawing. "A foundation for some of the sea-serpent

stories," he said, "is almost certainly to be found in the Oar-fish, or Ribbon-fish (*Regalecus*), a silvery fish, flattened like an oar, sometimes over twenty feet in length, which may swim with an undulatory motion at the surface, or occasionally, when attacked by some enemy, shoot itself in agony for several feet above the surface." It usually inhabits the deep sea. We have arranged to give illustrated abridgments of Professor Thomson's lectures in later numbers.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE woman juror lost no time in asserting both her capability and her individuality; the former by her grave decorum and steadiness throughout a murder trial, the latter by the calm production of her knitting in Court. Although the Judge winked at the clicking needles, in virtue, perhaps, of the First Offenders Act, the Bench does not intend to accept that as a precedent. Knitting, it is true, may be to a woman what a pipe is to a man (Miss Mitford, by the way, held sewing to be the great feminine sedative), but pipes in the jury-box are little likely to be justified by the fact that men used to take tobacco, unrebuked, in church. That license may have arisen from the sharp division between the parts of the church reserved to the clergy and the laity respectively. Tobacco in the Sanctuary itself is unthinkable; hence it may not be correct to argue that the Law has always been more jealous of her sanctities than Religion.

It may be questioned, however, whether knitting in the jury-box is altogether on a parallel with pipes or newspapers. It is certainly not, as one fervent person declares, the final proof of woman's judicial incompetence. News-sheets in jurors' hands are plain contempt, for they imply inattention and possible prejudice to the case. Pipes, while, free from that censure, suggest too readily the ease of the fireside or the tavern. The atmosphere of law-courts, too, is usually thick enough as it is. But the soothing, rhythmical, mechanical process of knitting leaves a woman's mind free, and may even help judgment. It annoys no one if the knitter be perfectly expert; and only the expert, to whom the pursuit has become second nature, would draw out her work in Court. For all that, there are objections. The difficult turning of a heel might lead the knitter to miss fine points of evidence or argument. And the prisoner might object, on grounds of sentiment. A well-read man, on trial for his life, could hardly escape uncomfortable memories of the Vengeance and her knitting women around the Guillotine. Yet, on the score of the fair juror's attention, he might find a crumb of comfort even there. The Tricoteuses, seemingly preoccupied, were minutely alert to the main business, and never lost count of a single head. Twenty-three!

This month of February, that has seen the sad falling off of St. Valentine, sees also the decline and final failure of a sturdy New Year resolution. No resolve, perhaps, shows so copious a written (or unwritten) record of its futility, or erects so large a monument to the frailty of human endeavour. But record and monument alike remain invisible and unknown, except to the individual defaulter. Failure seems to prove no deterrent. The resolve and its decay are both the hardest of annuals.

Already the conscience-stricken will have caught our drift. He sees before him a neat little accusing volume, daintily clad in morocco or fragrant Russia leather (if the latter still exists), and set out with tempting spaces for the record of three hundred and sixty-five strenuous days, or three hundred and sixty-six in Bissextile, or Leap Year. Not often did he purchase it himself, but it came to his hands inevitably. Some kind friend or other, at his wits' end for a gift at the Season of Gifts, fell back on this pleasing little token. Always it awoke the desire to keep it faithfully and without break until the very last day of December. Vain aspiration!

The very earliest of these possessions still exist, in the far and dusty recesses of an old-fashioned bureau, their leather jerkins frayed and faded, their guardian elastic bands perished past all ductility, but with time, not with use, for they are "come to forty year" this many a day, and, for the most part, blank. The entries, in large text, sadly disproportionate to the space available, how odd, how pathetic they seem to the eye of middle age; queer childish chronicles of holiday-making, of snow or skating, of this party and that, and then, perhaps, the sure consequence of overmuch festivity. "In bed to-day, very sick last night"; and once, oddest of all, a passage shamelessly and inaccurately copied from a news-

are made in too small compass. The real diarists, those admirable men and women of character, work on a larger canvas. Their day-book is a goodly tome of fair blank leaves unhampered by prescribed spaces. They set down their own dates and are as brief or as voluminous as they please or as matter demands. Yet the little diary is not to be despised. Used as a record of engagements, it stands an excellent chance of being fully posted with informal and usually anticipatory entries, which through lapse of time become a useful retrospective memorial.

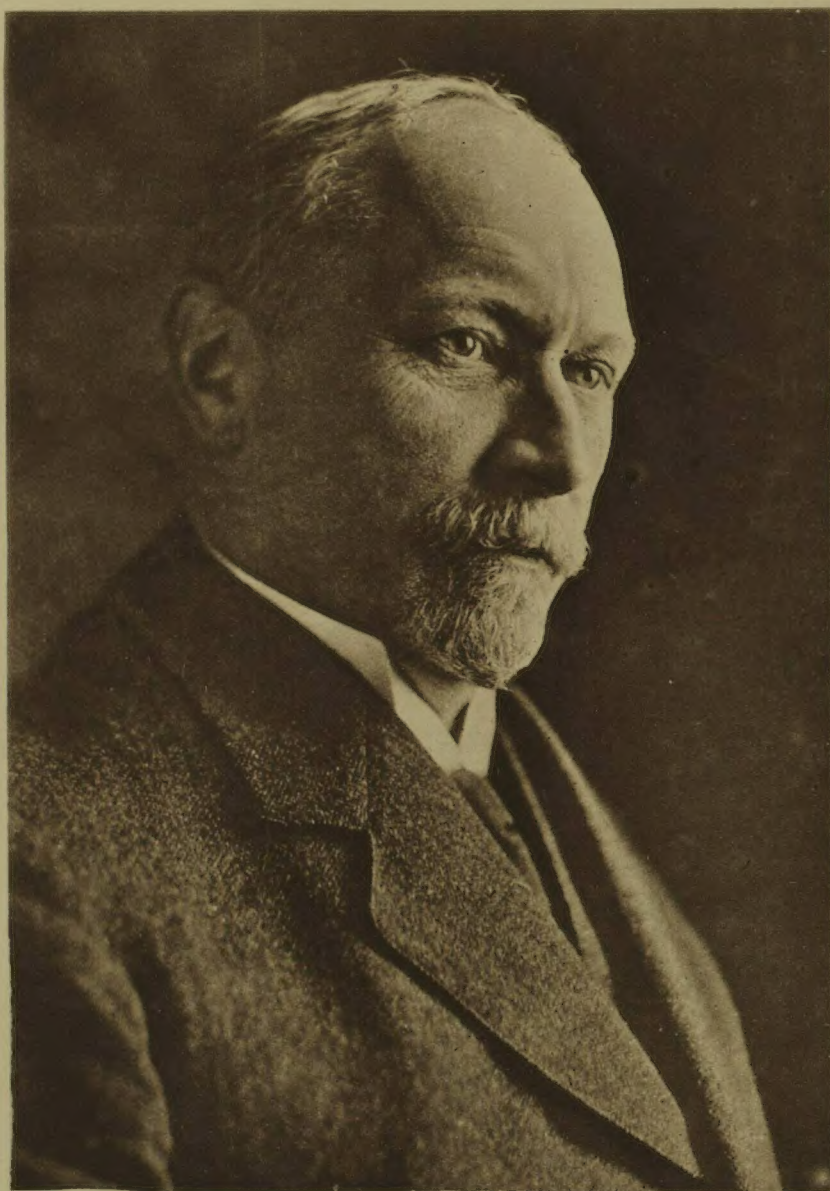
These pleasant pocket companions are older than might be supposed. In the Rosenborg Palace at Copenhagen is a little diary that might be in all respects of format the work of a modern publisher. It belonged to Christian IV., who wrote in it with great care and neatness of penmanship; how consistently as to daily posting one cannot say, for the treasure lies locked away under glass with only two pages visible. But the presumption is that the monarch was not slack in his chronicle of minor jottings.

The diarists' failure may be a sad evidence of human irresolution, evidence to convict the desultory and unstable mind. But diarists, it would seem, are born, not made; for your Pepys, your Evelyn, your Greville, your Amiel, and your Bashkirtseff rank, in their degree, with the poets and historians. They are impelled to their great work by some native fervour akin to genius. For the most part we are commonplace people, with few things really worth recording in our lives. Small wonder, then, that the twelve-months' end finds the ruck of miniature diaries with so many virgin pages, and that February sees a conclusion as notably abrupt as that of Warton's "History of English Poetry."

But hope springs eternal from generation to generation. A little girl of our acquaintance, tongue out and head on arm, is even now at the old game. Her diary is her present hobby, but grey experience knows that its days, in a double sense, are numbered. *Eheu fugaces!*

But flying Time, that steals away so much, is not wholly a thief. It is also the great compensation balance of life. Dean Inge might very well have made that point in his recent remarks on the future of public schools, now so eagerly sought after by the New Rich for their sons. The Dean is right when he says that, despite the threats of Labour, it will not be an easy matter to destroy an institution supported

by such enthusiastic loyalties and valued even by the "illiterate profiteer and his like." It will not be easy, and the Dean would find comforting support in Disraeli's "Endymion," which gives indirectly much hope for the profiteer's son. That young man is likely to prove one of the strongest upholders of our great educational traditions. Disraeli, recalling the current opinion of 1832 that the new men in the first Reform Parliament, with their different education, manners, and modes of thought, would dissipate the "enigmatic tradition" of the House of Commons, notes that after a short time "the old material, though less in quantity; leavened the new," and in five years the House had recovered "much of its serene, and refined, and even classical character." As with Parliament, so it will be with the great public schools, and here, as elsewhere, the whirligig of time will bring its inevitable revenges. J. D. S.



THE VICTORIOUS LEADER OF THE IMPERIAL ELEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA: GENERAL SMUTS.

General Smuts, as leader of the South African Party, in which the former Unionist party merged itself for the recent elections, has won a notable victory at the polls, giving him a majority of more than twenty over all other parties. The main issue was the maintenance of the Imperial connection, as against the Nationalist proposal for secession and a Republic.—[Photograph by Topical.]

paper: "Rome, Thursday, Pope Pius IX. is ded." The force of effort could no further go. With the demise of the Pontiff, the record dies also.

Nor are later volumes more reassuring. Here and there, perhaps, the writ may run into March or April, with longer and drearier intervals between the recorded days, but always with one event, a dwindling of trivialities, and then—the rest is silence. Once and once only, in the particular case in mind, the entries persevered without break into September. It was the penultimate year of war, and continuous effort may have been stimulated and supported by the strenuous times. Perhaps the strangest note is that which shows the Diarist reading the Georgics with a pupil while the daylight air-raid on London was in progress. No particular equanimity is implied; for the attack meant nothing more to the students than a dull growl on the horizon. It may be that such efforts

AMID PRE-WAR PAGEANTRY: THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND I.B.



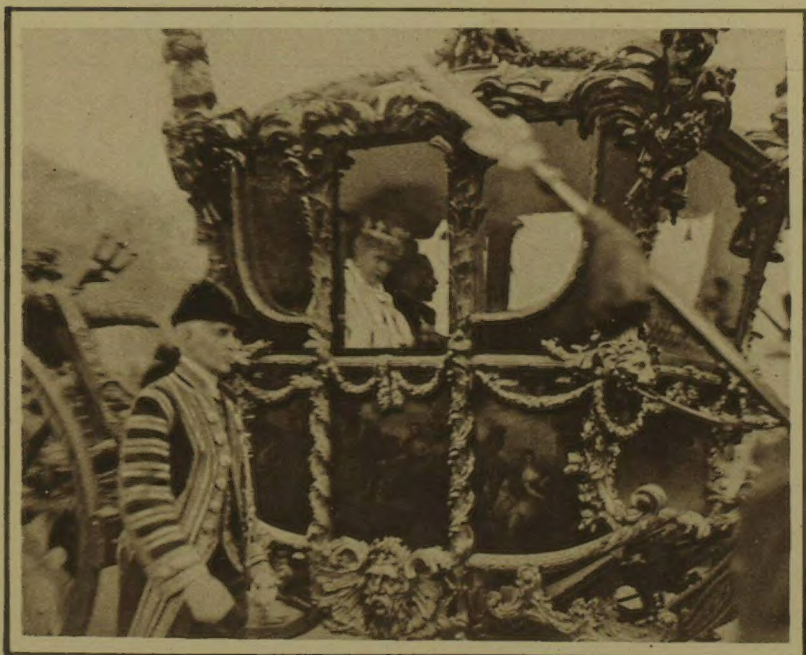
IN SCARLET UNIFORMS AND BEARSKINS: GUARDS AT THE "PRESENT," WITH COLOUR DROPPED, SALUTING THE ROYAL COACH AT WESTMINSTER.



TYPICAL OF THE AMBASSADORIAL COACHES: THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR ON HIS WAY TO WESTMINSTER FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

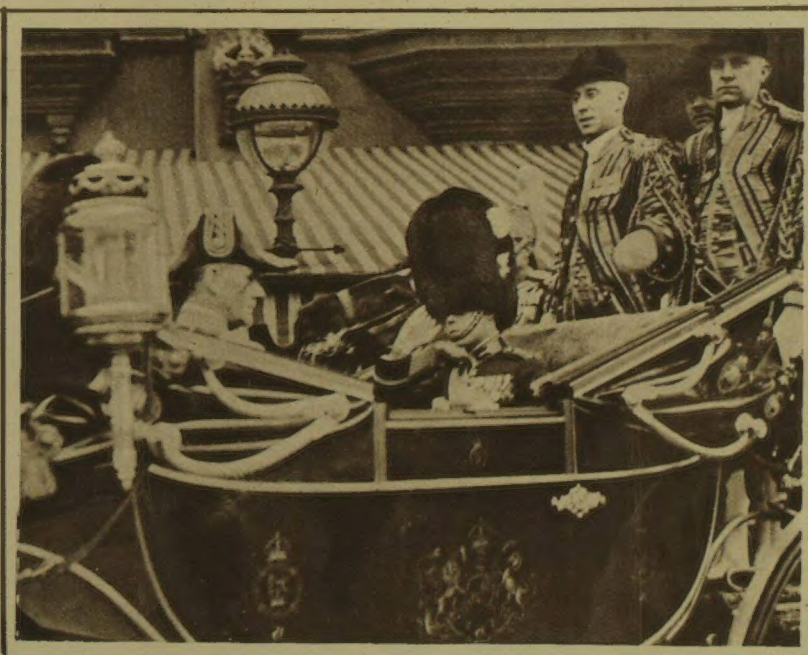


THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO WESTMINSTER FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT WITH ALL THE OLD-TIME PAGEANTRY: THE KING'S STATE COACH, DRAWN BY EIGHT BLACK HORSES, WITH FOUR POSTILIONS, PASSING DOWN WHITEHALL BETWEEN CHEERING CROWDS.



SHOWING THE QUEEN, WEARING HER CROWN, SEATED BESIDE THE KING: THE STATE COACH CONTAINING THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE MALL.

The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, February 15, with all the old-time pageantry, which was all the more picturesque because, for the first time since the war, the troops lining the route were again in scarlet uniform. The Guardsmen looked resplendent in their scarlet tunics with their big bearskins, and lent a fine touch of colour to the scene. Large crowds thronged the route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, and gave their Majesties and the Prince of



IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM AS A COLONEL OF THE GUARDS: THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN HIS COACH, LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Wales a hearty welcome. The King and Queen rode in the great State coach, drawn by eight black horses, with four postilions. The Prince of Wales preceded them, driving in a two-horse coach, with Rear-Admiral Halsey. The King was in khaki, with the Queen beside him, a stately figure in white ermine wearing her crown. The Prince of Wales wore full-dress uniform as a Colonel of the Guards. In the House of Lords, his Majesty read the Speech from the Throne.

ABDICATION IN SWAZILAND: THE BLIND OLD QUEEN'S LONG REIGN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. TUGWELL.



THE "SHE-ELEPHANT" IN HER ROBE OF LEOPARD SKIN, ADDRESSING HER DUSKY WARRIORS FOR THE LAST TIME: THE OLD QUEEN LABOTSIBENI, WHO HAS RULED THE SWAZIS FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS, ABDICATING.



THE PARAMOUNT CHIEF BHUZA (RAISING HIS ARM) "SHOWN" TO THE CHIEFS AND TROOPS: A CEREMONY BEFORE THE QUEEN.



EXHAUSTED AFTER HER SPEECH AT THE ABDICATION CEREMONY, AND UNABLE TO CLIMB INTO THE CAR: THE OLD QUEEN RESTING.



IN FULL WAR PAINT, WITH THEIR LARGE SHIELDS AND BRONZE BODIES GLISTENING IN THE SUN: THE ROYAL IMPI OF SWAZI WARRIORS AT THE ABDICATION CEREMONY.

Abdications, including those of the Kaiser and the late Tsar, became rather frequent in Europe as a result of the war, and it is an interesting comparison to see how such an occasion is conducted among a more primitive people, the Swazis of South-East Africa. The abdication of the old Queen, or Chief Regent, Labotsibeni, generally known among the natives as "Ndhlovukazi" (She-Elephant), took place at the Royal Kraal, at Zombode, on December 31 last. A woman of great ability and strong character, she was the chief wife of the late King Mbandeni, and since his death in 1888 had ruled the Swazis firmly and well,

under the protection first of the South African Republic, and later of the British Government, until age and infirmity compelled her to retire. She has always disliked being photographed, and once knocked a camera out of a Government official's hand with her stick. In the top photograph she is seen making a farewell speech to her troops. Beside her is Mandanda, Chief Induna of the Royal Kraal (stooping). The Queen is also seen in the left-hand middle photograph, next to Nomawa (extreme left), mother of Prince Bhuza. The Swazis are a warlike Kaffir tribe, who fought for the British against the Zulus.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, SWAINE, LAFAYETTE, PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, AND TOPICAL.



THE NEW MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE:
LIEUT.-COL. SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-
BOSCAWEN, M.P.



RESIGNED: MR. WALTER LONG, M.P.,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE NEW SECRETARY FOR WAR:
SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, BT.,
M.P.



THE NEW FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY:
LORD LEE OF FAREHAM.



RETIRING THROUGH ILL-HEALTH:
MR. WILL CROOKS, P.C., M.P., THE
POPULAR LABOUR MEMBER.



A FAMOUS PAINTER DEAD: THE LATE
SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, R.A.



THE RAILWAY LEADER WHO
DEMANDED INQUIRY INTO IRISH
SHOOTINGS: MR. J. BROMLEY.



A WELL-KNOWN IRISH MAGIS-
TRATE SHOT DEAD NEAR CORK:
MR. ALFRED REILLY.



SECONDER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE
HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD GORELL.



MOVER OF THE ADDRESS IN THE HOUSE
OF COMMONS: MR. J. C. C. DAVIDSON, M.P.



RECENTLY SUCCEEDED TO A PEERAGE:
THE NEW LORD TERRINGTON.

Sir L. Worthington-Evans has succeeded Mr. Churchill as Secretary for War; Lord Lee of Fareham is First Lord of the Admiralty in place of Mr. Walter Long (resigned through ill-health), and Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen succeeds Lord Lee as Minister of Agriculture.—Mr. Will Crooks, the popular and respected Labour Member, has sat for Woolwich since 1903. His retirement evoked universal regret.—Sir William Richmond, the famous portrait-painter, died at his Hammersmith home on February 11, aged 78.—Mr. J. Bromley, General Secretary of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen,

demanding a public enquiry into the shooting of railwaymen at Mallow, threatening a strike if it were not granted.—Mr. Alfred Reilly, a magistrate and prominent business man, of Douglas, near Cork, was recently shot dead while driving home.—The Address, on the King's Speech, at the opening of Parliament on February 15, was moved in the Lords by the Duke of Abercorn and seconded by Lord Gorell. In the Commons the mover was Mr. J. C. C. Davidson (C.U.), M.P. for Hemel Hempstead.—The first Lord Terrington died on February 8, and is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Harold J. S. Woodhouse, whose portrait we give.



The World's Greatest Exploring Adventure:

WILL MOUNT EVEREST BE CLIMBED?



By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM,

Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," "On Alpine Heights and British Crags," "Motor Ways in Lakeland," "Swiss Mountain Climbs," etc., etc.

AT last puny man is to try his luck against the giant mass of Mount Everest. The world's highest ground, or snow, rises 29,141 feet above sea level, and dominates a vast array of mountains which form the national boundary between Nepal and Tibet. The great virgin summit is wreathed in eternal snow. Its supporting bastions are sheathed in ice and bulwarked by huge precipices, where monster avalanches thunder and roar, whilst fierce storms wage unceasing war on the earth's uttermost stronghold. At first sight it seems like a gamble against Fate, with human life as the stake, for man to attempt the conquest. Yet these grim terrors and the added difficulties of mere existence on the real roof of the world but increase the keenness to these sporting Britons who hope to plant our flag on the summit. At the outset the odds will be on the side of the mountain; but pluck and skill will prevail. The writer fixes five years as the shortest possible time for final success.

In the first place, Mount Everest is not an easy mountain in the same way as Mont Blanc. It has been actually seen by few white men, and no one has viewed it from every side. In the only genuine photograph of it, which is taken from a south-westerly direction, at a distance of about sixty miles, the ascent looks, to an expert, almost impossible. The hope lies on the opposite side.

An expedition, organised by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society, is to start in March or April, and after reaching Darjiling, their object will be to reach

and reconnoitre especially the Tibetan sides of the mountain. Next year the real attempt will begin. Up to the present, entry into the Forbidden Land has been impossible for political reasons; but the Indian Government has made arrangements to permit the passage of the expedition to the base of the mountain. Jomo Kang Kar, or Our Lady of the Snows, is an object of reverence and worship by the natives, and they may resent the intrusion of white men on their lofty shrine.

There have been several former expeditions to other parts of the Himalaya, and most of them have had trouble with the natives. As long ago as the years 1854-58 some very remarkable climbs were made by the two brothers Adolf and Robert Schlagentweib, who reached a height of 22,259 feet on the great peak of Kamet (25,443 feet). After this, Adolf crossed the Karakoram Pass, and was murdered at Kashgar. Then, in 1895, the attack on Nanga Parbat by A. F. Mummery came to a mysterious end. At the base of this magnificent icy obelisk the climbers divided. The leader of the party, with two natives, was to cross a short pass from the west to the north side of the mountain, and meet the main part of the expedition, who had travelled round by a longer

route. After bidding farewell to his friends, Mummery and his companions were never seen again. No trace was ever found. Those who knew the skill of the greatest of British mountaineers cannot believe that an avalanche caused disaster.

Yet these monster mountain falls will prove one of the greatest dangers to the forthcoming expedition. Everything is on an immense scale in the Himalaya. Crevasses are thousands of feet deep. A simple snowslide in Scotland, or an Alpine avalanche, becomes on the roof of the world a tremendous cataclysm, which shakes the greatest mountain to its very base, and which may be heard, or even felt, fifty miles away. A more insidious risk lies in the smaller avalanche started by human agency. One attempt on Kangchenjunga (28,150 feet), the third highest known peak, ended in tragedy. From a camp 20,343 feet high, a section

in oxygen, and progress becomes slower and feebler the greater the altitudes gained.

Past records are not, apparently, encouraging. As long ago as 1883, W. W. Graham reached a height of 24,000 feet on Kabru, and, despite numerous attempts, it was not until 1909 that the Duke of Abruzzi's party succeeded in adding a mere 400 feet to this in his unsuccessful attempt on Bride Peak. Mountain sickness and bad weather had made the perfectly organised party fail at a comparatively low level on Mount Godwin Austen (28,250 feet), the second in height to Mount Everest.

If there are serious technical difficulties on the final dome of the world, the ascent will prove impossible, but there are rumours that on the Tibetan side easy slopes lead to the summit. Yet only one white man, Colonel Dudley

Ryder, the head of the Government Survey in India, has seen it from this side, and that from fifty miles away. Thus it is evident that great mysteries and difficulties have to be solved ere man stands on the top of the world.

Nevertheless, in recent years, much progress has been made in establishing high camps above a height of 20,000 feet, and life has been spent, more or less comfortably, even with meagre supplies. Perhaps the most remarkable climbing feat yet achieved was that by Dr. Longstaff and his companions on Trisul. Whereas other altitude records have been made on the sides of peaks, without achieving the crowning conquest, the English-

man's party reached the real summit (23,406 feet). Trisul is the highest actual mountain yet climbed. It is of vital interest to note that they ascended from a camp at 17,450 feet, to the summit, 23,406 feet, involving a climb of about 6000 feet, in ten hours; the descent being made in about three hours. This wonderful *tour de force* is encouraging for the Everest optimists.

Aeroplanes will not be used by the expedition at the outset. In fact, it is more than doubtful whether they will be of any real use at all. Control for landing purposes is impossible in the thin upper air, and as oxygen cylinders have to be used to sustain the pressure-stricken airmen, on account of the sudden uprush, it is evident that observation, a difficult undertaking amongst mountains, will be unreliable.

Thus, the aspirants to lofty distinction—not extinction—must rely on the human element. Perhaps the most important factor is the supply, training, and proper equipment of the Nepalese coolies. Given this, with young leaders of absolutely sound physique, perfect conditions of weather and snow on the upper dome, the hopes of ultimately reaching the top of Mount Everest may be fulfilled.



A DIFFICULT FACTOR IN THE PROPOSED ASCENT OF MOUNT EVEREST: SLOW CLIMBING IN THE RAREFIED AIR, WHICH MAKES BREATHING PAINFUL, AND RESTRICTS PROGRESS TO TWO OR THREE STEPS A MINUTE, AT HIGH ALTITUDES IN THE ETERNAL SNOW.

of the party decided to descend, on account of a difference of opinion. Three amateurs and three coolies were crossing a snow-covered slope, when two coolies on the middle of the rope slipped, peeling the loose snow off with them. In an instant all were carried off their feet and flung down the icy slope, a veritable human avalanche. Two Continental climbers were the only survivors. The four bodies were not recovered until three days later. They were buried under twelve feet of solid snow.

The expedition to Mount Everest will find that serious rock-climbing is encountered before the valleys are left behind, but they will be well equipped with skill and knowledge to meet all contingencies, as far as is humanly possible. The real test will come when the 20,000-foot level is gained. Even before this, that grim enemy, mountain sickness, will have sorted out the weaklings, and, gradually, only the soundest will remain at the loftier camps. Youth will be served, and this great lesson may take years in the learning, for elder experts are slow to give way. Breathing becomes fast, and even painful, for the hardest on the world's highest places. The lungs seem unable to inhale enough of the thin air, so lacking

EVEREST, TO BE CLIMBED AT LAST: "THE DOME OF THE WORLD."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNOR SELLA.



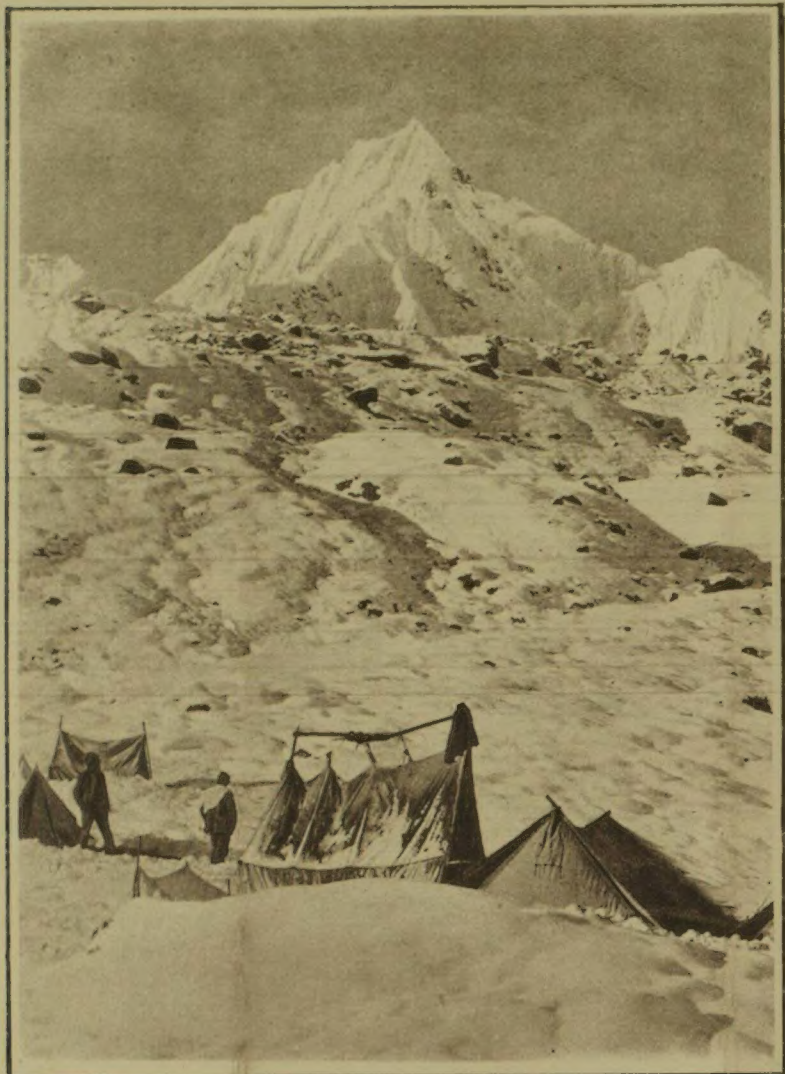
SEEN BY FEW WHITE MEN, AND BY NO ONE FROM EVERY SIDE: MOUNT EVEREST—ONE OF THE FEW GENUINE PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF SIXTY MILES.

The fact that Mount Everest is the highest peak in the world is a commonplace of geography books. It is even higher than was thought, for a recent re-calculation by the Indian Survey gives it 29,140 ft., instead of 29,002 ft. Hitherto political objections have prevented any attempt to climb it, but these have now been removed. The Tibetan Government has agreed to allow an expedition from their side, where the slopes are less precipitous, and plans are being made jointly

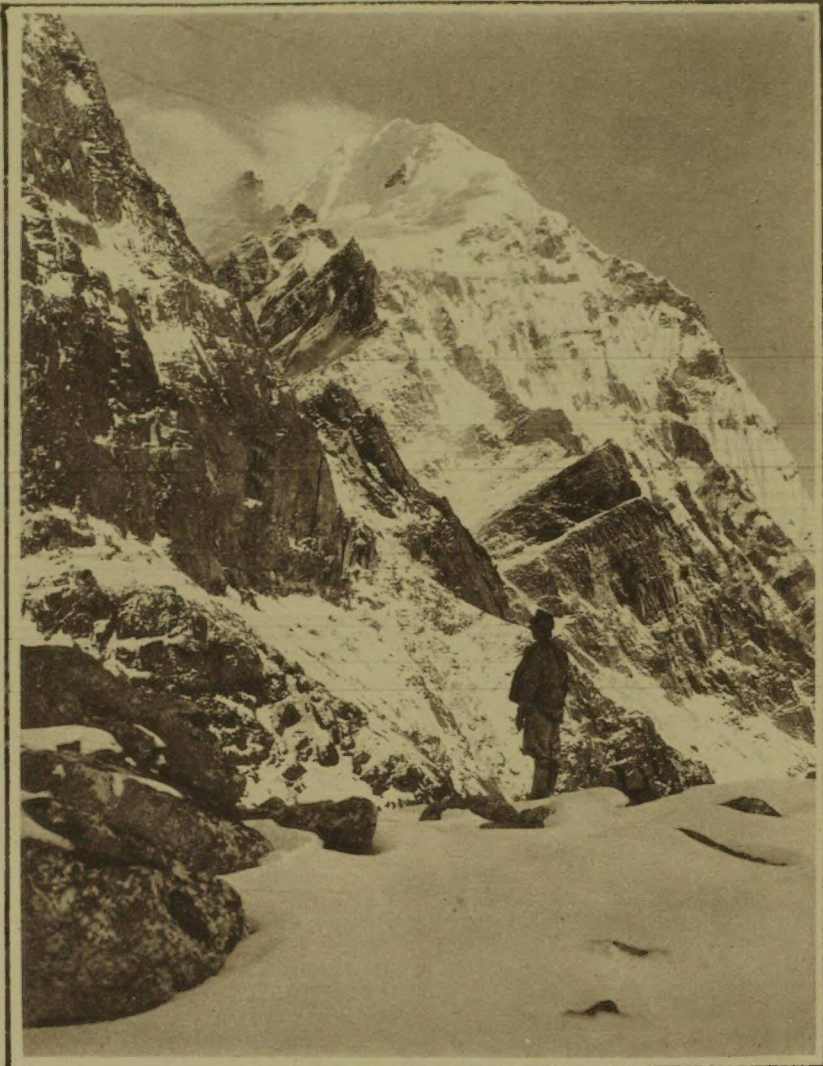
by the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society. This year the approaches will be reconnoitred by a party under Col. Howard Bury, who recently returned from Tibet, and Mr. Harold Raeburn, of the Alpine Club. The idea of using aeroplanes has been abandoned. The reconnaissance party will probably cross into Tibet when the passes open, about the end of May. The actual attempt to climb the mountain will be made next year.

CLIMBING IN THE HIMALAYAS: PEAKS OVER WHICH EVEREST TOWERS.

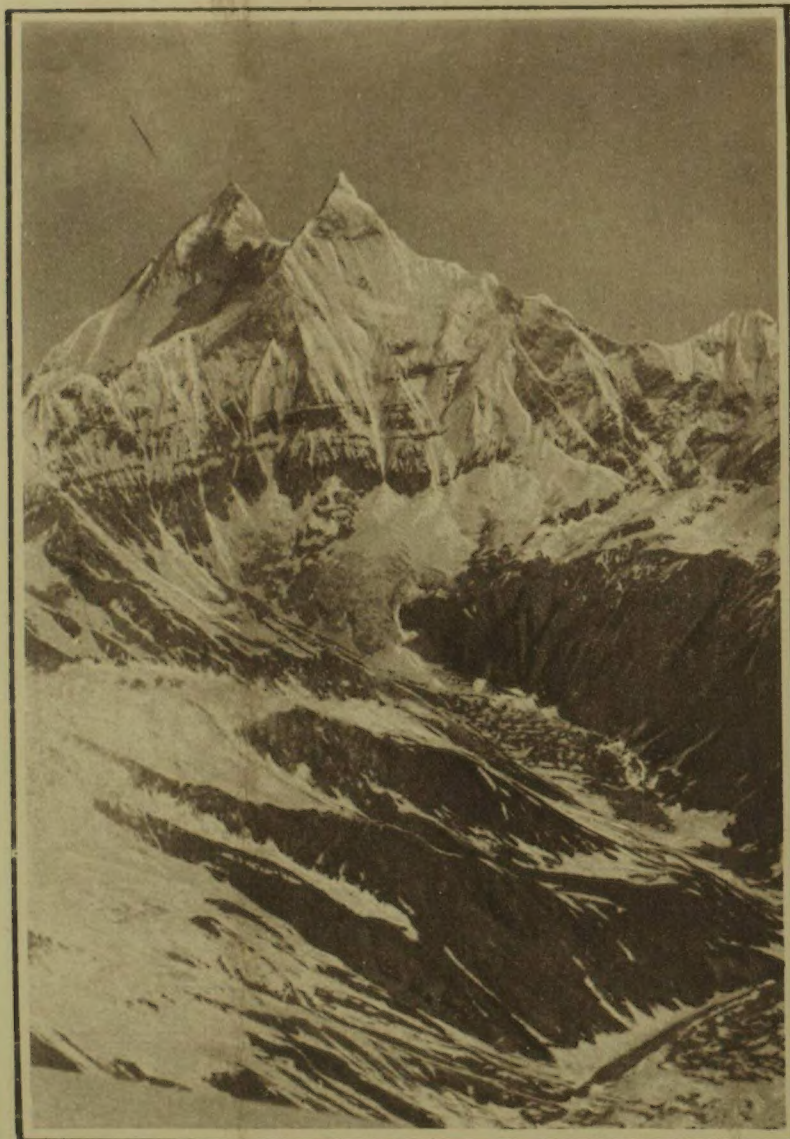
PHOTOGRAPH OF NANDA DEVI BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF CAPTAIN T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.



DESCRIBED AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEAK IN THE WORLD: SINIOLCHUM (OVER 22,000 FT.)—SHOWING A HIGH CAMP IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THE THIRD HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD, UNCLIMBED, AND THE SCENE OF A TRAGEDY AT ONE ATTEMPT: KANGCHENJUNGA (28,150 FT.) FROM PANDIM, BELOW IT.



"THE BLESSED GODDESS": NANDA DEVI, A GREAT TWIN-PEAKED HIMALAYAN MOUNTAIN (25,660 FT.) WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN CLIMBED.

The attempt on Everest will be a great adventure, for many perils and hardships confront the Himalayan climber—perils from icy slopes, rocky precipices, and enormous avalanches; hardships from intense cold, terrific winds, and blinding snowstorms. Lastly, there is the unknown factor of the possibility of human exertion in rarefied air at a height over 4000 ft. above any yet attained by man. Acclimatisation for Europeans has been found possible up to 16,000 ft. after about

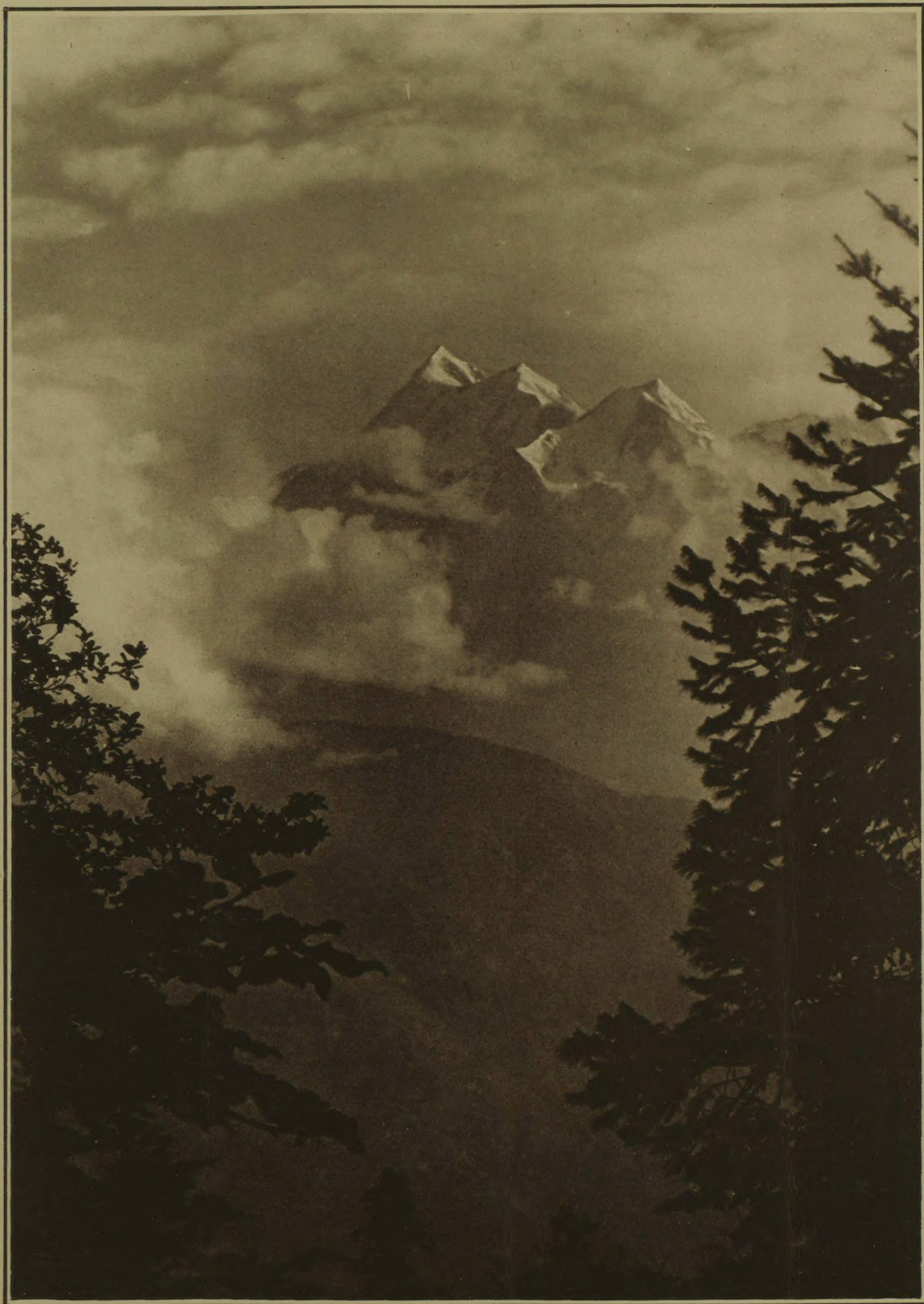


WHERE GREAT PEAKS, IN ICY ALOOFNESS, RISE ABOVE THE GLACIER-FILLED VALLEYS: AT THE FOOT OF PANDIM, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

a fortnight's residence. In Tibet yaks and ponies are the principal means of transport. In his article on a previous page Mr. George D. Abraham describes the conditions of climbing in the Himalayas, with details of former ascents, some of them disastrous. One attempt on Kangchenjunga, he mentions, ended in tragedy, a party of six, of whom four were killed, slipping and falling down an icy slope. This mountain, he thinks, is not likely to be ever climbed successfully.

THE HIGHEST PEAK YET SCALED BY MAN: TRISUL.

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF CAPTAIN T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.



THE HIGHEST ACTUAL SUMMIT HITHERTO CLIMBED: TRISUL (23,406 FT.), IN THE GARHWAL HIMALAYA, ASCENDED IN 1907 BY CAPT. T. G. LONGSTAFF, F.R.G.S.—SUNRISE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

"Perhaps the most remarkable climbing feat yet achieved," writes Mr. George D. Abraham, in his article on a previous page, discussing the prospects of the Everest expedition, "was that by Dr. Longstaff and his companions on Trisul. Whereas other altitude records have been made on the sides of peaks, without achieving the crowning conquest, the Englishman's party reached the real summit (23,406 ft.) Trisul is the highest actual mountain yet climbed. It is of vital interest to note

that they ascended from a camp at 17,450 ft. to the summit, 23,406 ft., involving a climb of about 6000 ft., in ten hours; the descent being made in about three hours. This wonderful *tour de force* is encouraging for the Everest optimists." Captain Longstaff is the son of another famous explorer, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Longstaff, and, besides his work in the Himalaya and Tibet, has climbed in the Caucasus, Alps, Selkirk, and Rocky Mountains.

SOUTH AFRICA SAVED FROM THE MENACE OF SECESSION: THE SEAT OF THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN YATES, PRETORIA.



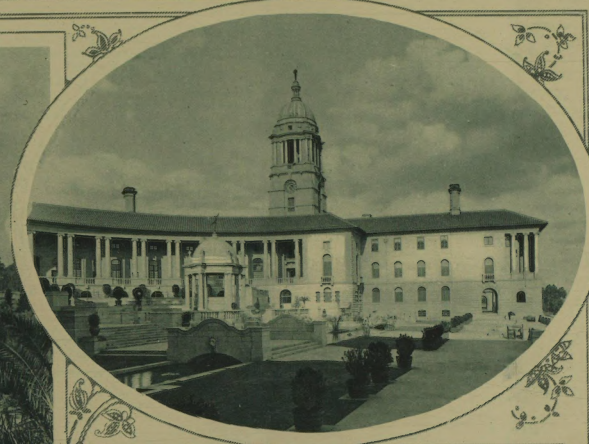
UNION BUILDINGS AT PRETORIA, CAPITAL OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA: THE EASTERN TERRACE AND GARDENS.



BUILT ON ONE OF THE FINEST SITES OF UNION BUILDINGS



IN THE WORLD: A GENERAL VIEW AT PRETORIA.



WHERE THE RISING GROUND LENT ITSELF TO A NOBLE ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME: THE AMPHITHEATRE AND ROSTRUM.



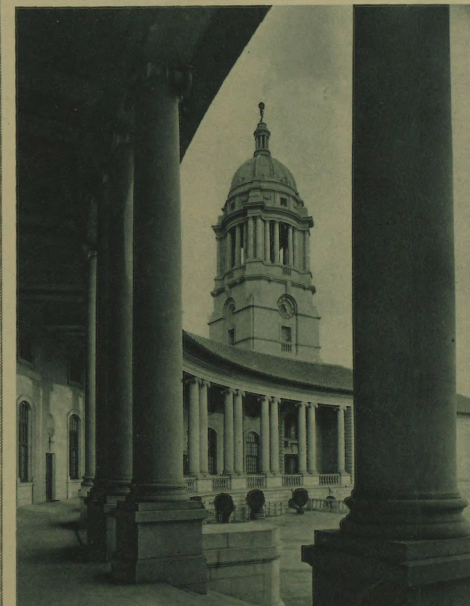
A GORGEOUS SIGHT WHEN IN FLOWER: SOUTH AFRICAN ALOES ON A KOPJE OUTSIDE UNION BUILDINGS, SEEN FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



WHERE LARGE OPEN SPACES, LOGGIAS, AND THE ENTRANCE TO ONE



FOUNTAINS SUIT THE CLIMATIC CONDITIONS: OF THE COURTYARDS.



CROWNED WITH A FIGURE OF ATLAS IN BRONZE, LIKE THE TWIN TOWER ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE CENTRAL BLOCK: THE EASTERN TOWER.

The result of the recent elections in South Africa, giving a strong majority to the South African Party led by General Smuts, removed the Nationalist menace of secession from the Empire, establishment of a Republic, and possible civil war. The magnificent Union Buildings at Pretoria, situated about a mile and a half from Church Square, the centre of the city, occupy a grand and imposing position upon the plateau below Meintjes Kop, a site which Lord Selborne described as the finest in the world. The architect was Mr. Herbert Baker, who has since designed some of the new Indian Government buildings at Delhi. The approach at Pretoria is by a carriage-drive which winds round and passes in front of the main terrace. A series of steps and terraces were necessitated by the rise of the ground immediately in front of the central or amphitheatre block. The rising tiers in the auditorium have been cut out of the face of the hillside—a natural amphitheatre, originally designed for purely utilitarian purposes, which has provided one of the finest possible architectural compositions. The buildings are grouped in three main blocks formed by eastern and western wings, connected with the great semi-circular

amphitheatre block. On each side of the central block is a tower, crowned by a figure of Atlas in bronze. The space within the semi-circle is terraced, and at the bottom is a rostrum, while ornamental ponds, crossed by bridges, stretch the length of the amphitheatre. The building has been designed to suit the climatic conditions of the south, providing large open courts, with fountains and loggias, necessary to keep it cool and well ventilated. The most striking feature is, perhaps, the long, unbroken tiled roof. Each block has three floors of offices, providing accommodation for about 1500 officials. The whole building is in freestone resting on a base of local granite. South African materials have been used as much as possible; the stone came from the Orange Free State, the granite bases are quite local, and South African woods have been used for the panelling of the interior. The precincts are laid out on the great French and Italian models, in broad lines and vistas. The whole is a noble piece of architecture. The new South African Parliament is expected to meet on March 4. A portrait of General Smuts appears on "Our Note-Book" page in this number.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

SOUND drawing, a poetic vision, and a fine sense of chiaroscuro in a land teeming with rich subjects, have been the characteristics of

the English school of water colours.

Cubism and Futurism were unknown when our older water-colour drawings were done. Among a band of men who in the 'fifties, 'sixties, and 'seventies continued the tradition of Sandby and Varley, Girtin and Turner, was Thomas Collier. The National Gallery of British Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum contains ten of his drawings, two of them given by that fine connoisseur, James Orrock. At Christie's, on the 11th, there were over a hundred drawings in water-colours by Thomas Collier to choose from, the property of Mrs. Thomas Collier. Among the most noteworthy were "Fittleworth Common," which brought £126; "Snowdon," £89; "Sandhills near Barmouth," £31; "A Summer Day, Sussex," £37; and "On the Rother," £39. An interesting series covering varied scenery and catching fine moments. Other properties at the same sale included drawings: "Solitude," by Alphonse Legros; "Undercliff, Ventnor," by De Wint; a Birket Foster, "The Flock, Sunset," of Christmas-card size (4½ in. by 6½ in.), sold for £63; and a more ambitious "Loch Awe, Argyllshire" (10 in. by 14 in.), with a peasant woman driving a herd of cattle along a winding road, brought £215. In oils, Daubigny's "Le Coucher de Soleil" was a poem on a tiny panel, and Mulready's "Boys Fishing" was hall-marked as having been exhibited at Burlington House in 1881.

At Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on the 11th, there were some fine items going. Old English porcelain and pottery, glass, furniture and Persian rugs formed the menu. The summit of the day's sale was reached in a fine Nantgarw dessert-service painted with groups and sprays of flowers by Billingsley, which brought £319, all the pieces bearing the impressed mark "Nantgarw C. W." (presumably China Works). There were thirty-two pieces in all, mainly comprising fine decorative dishes, square, oval, and shell-form. Billingsley, that Mercury of the potteries, renowned for his roses sponged on dessert-services, was at Derby in 1796, then at Pinxton, then in Staffordshire, and at Worcester with Flight and Barr from 1808 to 1811, at Nantgarw from 1812 to 1814, and again from 1817 to 1819, when he left for Coalport. He brought realistic Billingsley roses into English porcelain, and his name is sufficient to endow any service with possibilities for collectors' cabinets.

Old English silver plate is always alluring, and Messrs. Christie were selling on the 16th some fine specimens from the collection of that well-known connoisseur, Mr. D. M. Currie, of Campden Hill Court, Kensington. There were two boat-shaped soy-frames with reeded edges, one 1793 and the other in the latter days of York, with the assay mark 1801. [An oval bread-basket by W. Cripps, 1752 (48 oz.), was a collector's piece, as was a Queen Anne Monteith, with masks holding rings, chased with cherubs and fluting (68 oz.),

by E. Timbrell, 1705, when Marlborough was in the heyday of his power a year after Blenheim, and when the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough in the Orangery in Kensington, over their dish of tea, heard of the destruction of the English settlements in Newfoundland by the French from Canada. (Longfellow never made a poem of this event.) The Currie silver includes two fine teapots, one by Romer, 1764, and another by W. Plimmer, 1765, reminiscent of Wilkes and his expulsion from Parliament for the notorious "No. 45" in his *North Briton*, and a poem, "The Essay on Women." At the time when Plimmer stamped his initials on his teapot, in 1765, there were riots in America over the Stamp Act, relative to documents there being stamped and paying a tax to Imperial funds. At the same date, George III. showed signs of lunacy, and a Regency Act was passed. A fine William and Mary tankard, with corkscrew thumbpiece, 1689, had the maker's mark, "Y.T." Two Irish casters, chased with bands of foliage, by Stanley, of Dublin,

William Kent, furniture designer, landscape-gardener, sculptor of the wretched Shakespeare monument in Westminster Abbey, inventor of massive cornices and chimneypieces, illustrator of Gay's "Fables," and painter of altar-pieces in London churches, here is the pinchbeck Leonardo da Vinci, adulated by his generation, set forth in a portrait by Hayman, a little man in a brown coat, with red cap, holding a scroll, forgotten by posterity except as a curio. Another feature of interest was Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Admiral Nicholson, of the American War of Independence. Winterhalter, once so belauded, limped in as a last item with a portrait of Princess Marie of Baden, in lavender-coloured dress, standing on a terrace.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a collection was formed, now the property of a lady, which comes to light and includes some

remarkable examples of choice engravings of the French and English schools, which were sold on February 18 by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. A good wine needs no bush, and here is a vintage dating from 1800, and untouched. Aquatint is an art coming to the fore in the auction-room. Topographical views are paramount, but even here there is a touch of poetry. Sporting subjects include "Foxhunting," by and after S. Howitt, a set of six published in 1794, fine aquatints in colours. A volume of Bunbury's illustrations to Shakespeare, with twenty plates, finely printed in colours, is a rarity, and apart from some fine portraits, there is a splendid "Miss Farren" (Countess of Derby) by Bartolozzi, after Lawrence, second state, published in 1792—a splendid impression with untrimmed margins.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling, on the 22nd, miscellaneous properties of furniture and porcelain. A fine *famille-verte* bowl and cover stands out as of

rare distinction. It is decorated in colours in four panels, with flowers and trees emblematic of the Four Seasons. The silver mounts in foot, rim, and the fine handles of scroll design of late seventeenth-century style, are an alluring feature. The maker's mark, "S.N.," is several times repeated, but, as is usual in mountings, was not submitted to any assay office; hence the date is indefinite. It is a rare example, and commands respect. At the same sale, the *summum bonum* of craftsmanship is reached in a table illustrating the intense love of the craftsman in the Sheraton era, for furniture that was essentially compressible. Here it is shown in a remarkable table with eight legs on casters, capable of being stretched out as a dining table, the leaves being added without a similar movement of the legs. This is a unique specimen of especial interest; it comes in touch with Sheraton, and stands as a link between him and the development of cabinet design by Gillow and other later makers. This piece is by Wilkinson of Ludgate Hill, of the time of Wellington, and the maker saw the great pageant of the Duke's funeral file past, when the Iron Duke made his last journey to St. Paul's Cathedral.



INTERESTING TO COMPARE WITH THE PRESENT REVIVAL: "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"—A PICTURE BY HOGARTH COMING UNDER THE HAMMER.

This picture, one of Hogarth's three versions of Gay's "Beggars Opera," recently revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is included in the sale of Old Masters and Early English pictures to be held at Christie's on March 18. In the foreground (left to right) are Lucy Lockit (Mrs. Egleton), Lockit, the gaoler (Mr. Hall), Macheath (Mr. Walker), Polly (Miss Fenton, later Duchess of Bolton), and Peachum (Mr. Hippisley). At the back are Mr. Rich, the manager (holding a book), Mr. Cock, auctioneer, and Gay, the poet (with a big wig). On the right are Sir Robert Fagg (with stick under arm), a famous horse-racer, and Major Paunceford, a dandy, talking to the Duke of Bolton. On the left are Lady Jane Cook, talking to Anthony Henley, Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Gage, Sir Conyers Darcy, and another.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

1699, and a fine tazza, by Joseph Stoker, of Dublin, 1670, inscribed "The Gift of Richard Hannay to Richard Jones, January the 12th, 1673," were fine pieces of Irish work, happily removed from the Sinn Féin holocaust, where art objects have a precarious life. A fine *épergne* by William Cripps (72 oz.), with oval basket pierced with diapers, the borders and stand chased with gadrooning, scrolls and shells, is in date 1754; and a shell-shaped basket, the handle chased with a caryatid figure and scrollwork, supported on three feet chased as dolphins, was by Kandler, 1756. A Queen Anne silver-gilt beaker and cover, by F. Garthorne, bore the arms and monogram of Queen Anne.

Old Masters came up at Christie's on the 18th. Among the drawings, Boucher's "River Scene," in gouache, with mill and women washing clothes, exhibited his artistry outside boudoir subjects. J. Van der Cappelle, with "Men o' War" and other boats becalmed at the mouth of a river, stood on a reputation. A reputable Lawrence was offered in the portrait of Mrs. Anastasia Jessy Bonar, which comes from the Thomson-Bonar collection, 1897. If one wanted to know

FOUND IN A SAINT'S SHRINE: A SEVENTH-CENTURY MS.; AND OTHERS.

BY COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

Rescriptum eplē beati leonis
 pp ad regem edwardū directū.
 De reuelacione q̄ lucis in dūm
 cuiusdā ad regē directis.
 De contracto quē ex manda-
 to pēt dōcto suo sustulit q̄
 sanauit. beat' pēt dōctū.
 De ecclia westmonastri quā
 denūtiū q̄ rēto rē romani
 duxit. pp nicholaum.
 Descriptū eplē regis ad dūm
 Descriptū eplē dūm pp ad regē.
 Quom nūc mīlariū solū. ipe
 q̄ sē qdā comel ihm xpī
 uiderunt. sanauit.
 De fauce mulieris qm tactu
 De ceco p agm qua man' abbi
 erat sanato. curato.
 De cūc lincolien' similiter
 De cesece lignoz orbatō. q̄ p
 De cūc cecis q̄ uno monoculo
 sanatis. p dōctū.
 Quid de duob' filiis godwini
 De morte godwini. (1
 De mutacione laterū. vii.
 documentū ei reuelata.
 De arulo quē beato iohi dedit.
 qm recepit. q̄ de mandato
 ipsius euangl.
 De delectatōe ecclie westmo-
 nastri q̄ regis infirmitate.
 De uisione quā in agonia
 posuit uidit.

exposito ip̄as uisionis. ei.
 De ultimis uerbis regis q̄ obitu
 De contracto ad ei tumulum
 sanato. abbi de uictoria ba
 De. vi. cecis q̄ uno monoculo
 ad ei tumulū curatis. roldi.
 De reuelatōe q̄ facta est cuidā
 Quom apparuit cuidā in ecclia
 ceco q̄ curauit eū.
 Quom beat' uictoriū ep̄c mīte
 deposuit p uictū sē edwardi
 fuerit restitutus. sanato.
 Quom p. rē. vi. annos corp
 ei incorruptū inuentū est.
 De paralitica ad sepulchrū ei
 De eo quē a q̄tanti febrilī
 liberauit. rāto. rāto.
 De imlre a simili morbo cu
 De scimomali qm absentē ei
 De monacho a tly molestū
 sanato.



BY ST. AILRED, ABBOT OF RIEVAULX: A PAGE OF HIS TWELFTH-CENTURY LIFE OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, FROM WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

THE GREAT TREASURE OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL: THE "GOSPELS" OF ST. CHAD, OF EIGHTH-CENTURY IRISH WORKMANSHIP—AN ILLUMINATED PAGE.



ST. EDMUND DISTRIBUTING ALMS: A PAGE FROM THE TWELFTH-CENTURY MS. LIFE OF ST. EDMUND, LENT BY SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.

There was recently placed on view for a short time at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, a highly interesting and important collection of mediæval illuminated manuscripts. It originally consisted of MSS. from the Library of Durham Cathedral, but notable additions were made. The earliest is St. Cuthbert's MS. of the Gospel of St. John, lent by the Rector of Stonyhurst College. It belongs to the seventh century, and is said to have been found in St. Cuthbert's shrine when his body was transferred to Durham in 1104-5. The cover is believed to be far the earliest decorated leather binding extant. Next in



PROBABLY THE EARLIEST DECORATED LEATHER BINDING EXTANT: THE SEVENTH-CENTURY COVER OF ST. CUTHBERT'S MS. "GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN," FROM STONYHURST.

age is the eighth-century "Gospels" of St. Chad, believed to be of purely Irish workmanship, lent by the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield Cathedral. It came to St. Chad's Church at Lichfield in the tenth century. It was removed for safety during the Civil War, and restored to Lichfield by Frances Duchess of Somerset. The Dean and Chapter of Winchester have lent, among other treasures, the twelfth-century MS. Life of Edward the Confessor, by St. Ailred, Abbot of Rievaulx. Sir George Holford lent two MSS., one, written at Bury St. Edmunds in the twelfth century, relating the life of St. Edmund, the Martyr King.

CONTAINING THE FINEST KNOWN KIVA: REMARKABLE PUEBLO RUINS.

BY COURTESY OF DR. CLARK WISSLER, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ANTHROPOLOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO A KIVA (UNDERGROUND CEREMONIAL CHAMBER) IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND: PUEBLO RUINS AT AZTEC.



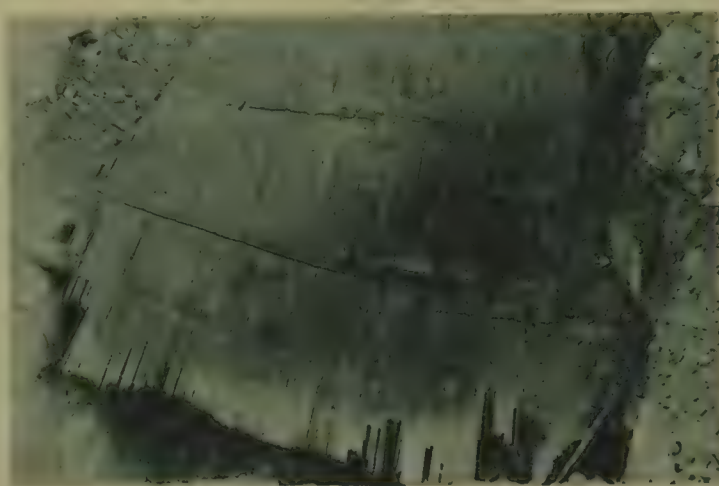
THE HIGHEST WALLS (29 FT.) THAT ARE STILL LEFT STANDING: THE CENTRE OF THE NORTH WING OF THE RUINS AT AZTEC.



RESTORED IN ACCORDANCE WITH SIMILAR ROOMS STILL USED BY PRESENT-DAY PUEBLO INDIANS: THE INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT KIVA, OR UNDERGROUND CEREMONIAL CHAMBER, EXCAVATED IN THE RUINS AT AZTEC, NEW MEXICO.



TO PRESERVE THE RUINS FROM COLLAPSE OR DILAPIDATION: REPAIRING THE WALLS OF ROOM 41 IN THE EAST WING WITH CONCRETE.



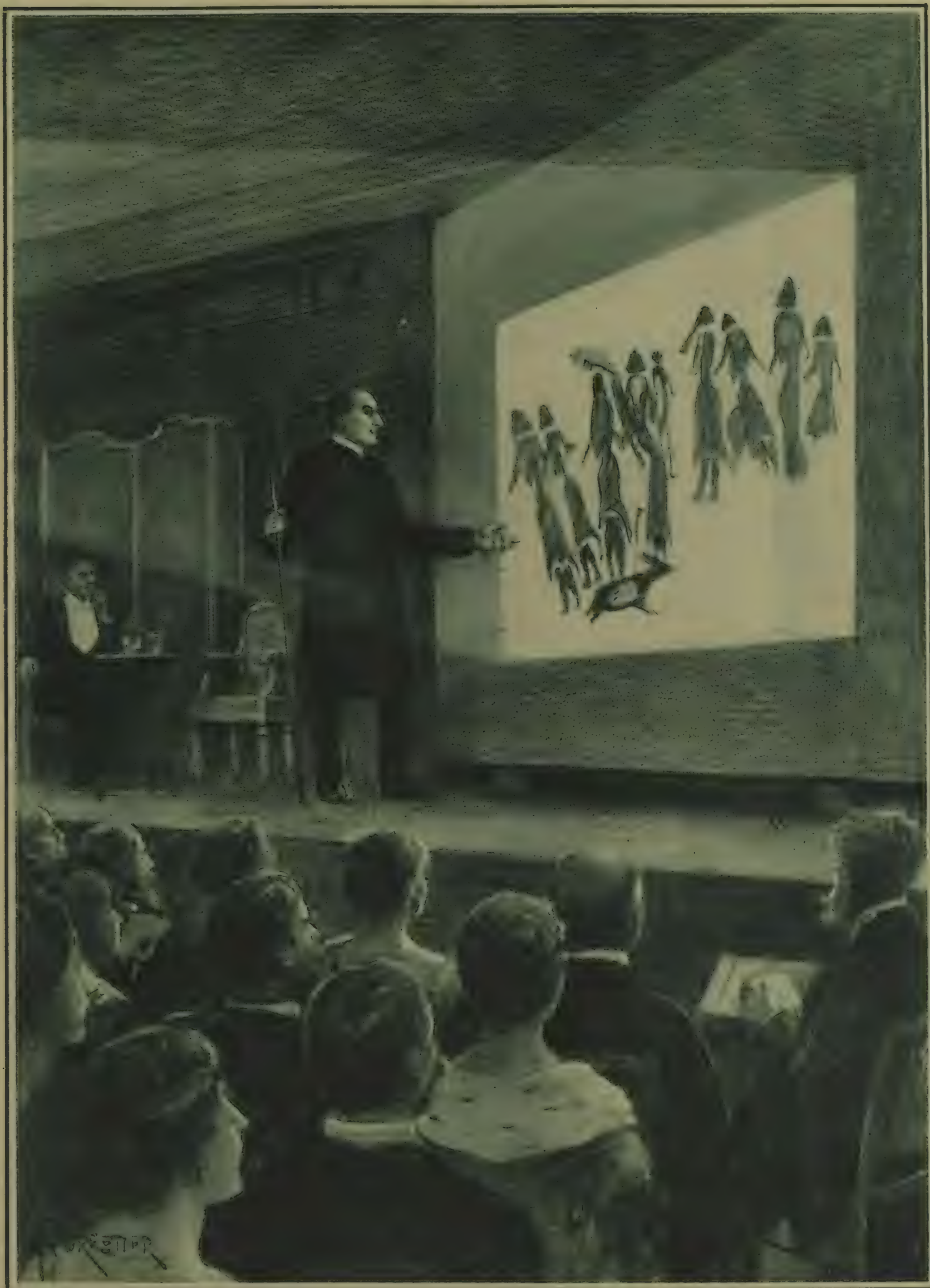
STILL IN POSITION WHERE THEIR ANCIENT OWNERS LEFT THEM: WILLOW MATS, PROBABLY USED FOR SLEEPING ON.

On the outskirts of the town of Aztec, in north-western New Mexico, lies a group of ruins, remains of dwellings of ancient Pueblo Indians. The largest and best-preserved, an E-shaped structure with a row of one-storeyed rooms, is known as the Aztec Ruin. The ruin was discovered and first recorded by J. S. Newbury, on August 4, 1859, while on an exploring trip for the United States Government. No systematic attempt was made to examine or excavate the site until 1916, when the Department of Anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, undertook the task. The ruin was formerly the property of Mr. H. D. Abrams, of Aztec, New Mexico, but the site has since been purchased by

the American Museum with a view to presenting it to the United States Government, to be made a National Monument. Dr. Clark Wissler is reported to have said that one of the *kivas*, or underground ceremonial chambers, excavated at Aztec, is the finest and most perfect ever found in America, evidently the holiest shrine of a prehistoric race. The Pueblos, or Pueblo Indians, are North American aborigines who have always dwelt in *pueblos* (villages) or agricultural settlements. There are four groups in New Mexico and Arizona. Symbolism is highly developed in their religion and tribal customs, and has analogies with ancient Aztec culture.

THE LECTURE HABIT: A GROWING INTEREST IN BRITAIN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT IS INCREASING IN FAVOUR: A LECTURE ON "CAVES AND ROCK-SHELTERS PAINTED AND ENGRAVED IN THE REINDEER AGE," GIVEN AT SOUTH KENSINGTON BY THE ABBÉ BREUIL.

Our readers will remember that we have more than once illustrated the wonderful prehistoric rock-paintings discovered in Spain and France by the Abbé Breuil, Director of the Institute of Human Palæontology in Paris. On February 9 he gave a deeply interesting lecture on the subject at the Institut Français du Royaume Uni (University of Lille) in Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington. Professor Arthur Keith was in the chair at the lecture. Mr. A. Forestier writes of the above drawing: "On the screen is shown a painting (found at Cogul, in eastern Spain), in which some women are seen dancing round a small idol. These

prehistoric women wear short skirts like those of the present day. In fact, they are shorter, for, in spite of their apparent length, they hardly reach down to the knee. As it is, the composition is most remarkable, and it throws light on the customs of people living some 20,000 years from the present day. The picture is one illustrating the development of art among Palæolithic races, until it declined and died about 10,000 years after its beginnings, to be replaced by new modes of expression introduced by a new race, the Neolithic." General interest in such lectures is growing apace.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIMONT. (COPYRIGHT)



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

"SOOZAN!" "Sue-zenn!" "Suz-anne!"—at length, Suzanne: that is how the actors at the St. James's mishandle the cosiest name of French womanhood. "Daniel" fares a little better; there are only two varieties: Daniel à l'Anglaise, with the accent on the first syllable—or Daniel à la Parisienne, with lingering on the "ël." These cacophonisms are mere trifles, some will say, but one has no idea how disturbing they are to a

guilty heroine preserve the compromising letters of her lover? Why should she carry them about and deliver them to her husband's brother? A French critic said: "People don't walk about with '*pièces à conviction*'"—what we should call damning circumstantial evidence. Perhaps the public, in the spell of the author's eloquence and skill in leading up to a scene, does not notice the anomaly. But it does not escape the critic—nor

husband was rightly focussed, but entirely British in every aspect of manner. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, back from America with increased technical accomplishments, and with Transatlantic intonations which should be re-attuned to the British pitch, was excellent in the passive scenes. She was the "*incomprise*" bored to tears, yearning for love, to the life. But when she began to "orate" we discovered a certain punch-ball directness which is so dear to American producers, but in the calmer waters of the English stage seems a little too obvious and vehement. Miss Carlisle's charm is her voice; she must not allow it to be forced beyond its natural tenour. Much praise has been given to Mr. Claude Rains for his impersonation of the morphinised wreck, and certainly, as a theatrical figure, it was both thrilling and poignant. It struck me, however, as more pictorial than felt, more *tour de force* than reality, more kinematographic in its restlessness than inwardly dramatic. Make-up and manner were telling to a degree, but I found his speech laboured; it did not convey the aloofness which is so peculiar to dopers in the aftermath of their enchantment. I infinitely prefer Mr. Claude Rains's creation of the *flâneur* in Gogol's "*Inspector-General*"—a characterisation with a touch of genius, for which he received not half as much praise as for this lesser effort.

It is a great pleasure to chronicle the progress of the British drama abroad. Here are a few facts which so far have not been recorded in any paper. Mr. Hutchinson's "*Right to Strike*," after more than fifty performances at Amsterdam (where Louis de Vries gave an excellent portrayal of the leading part), has been accepted by the Royal Flemish Theatre of Antwerp, and, at the request of its director, Mr. van Kerkhoven, the leading Flemish critic, Mr. Louis Krinkels, is making a special translation of it; while Miss Philomène Jonkers, the director's wife and sole producer of all the plays—the only woman in Europe filling this part at a regular theatre—is studying all the details, so that an excellent performance may be expected. Anon, Mr. van Kerkhoven will ask Mr. John Galsworthy to let him play "*The Skin Game*" at the Royal Flemish Theatre; so that at length our Belgian friends will become acquainted with the master-builder among our playwrights. As I write, all Amsterdam is flocking to "*The Wandering Jew*," again at Louis de Vries's theatre; and so great is the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Thurston's play that Barbarossa, the wittiest and the severest critic in that city, proclaimed in the



THE O.U.D.S. "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT OXFORD: MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS CLEOPATRA, AND MR. C. B. RAMAGE (PEMBROKE) AS MARK ANTONY.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society gave eight performances of Shakespeare's "*Antony and Cleopatra*" at the New Theatre, Oxford, between February 8 and 12. The play was produced by Mr. W. Bridges-Adams (Worcester), with Mr. Gordon Alchin (B.N.C.) as manager, and Mr. A. L. B. Ashton (Balliol) as musical director.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

musical ear. When in a love scene or in a climax Suzanne suddenly becomes "Soozan" or "Sue-zenn," it would seem that all the charm and fascination vanish; and when in her supreme agony the heroine announces that she has just left her well-beloved in the "Roo La-fay-et," we cease to believe in her rue, however sincerely her remorse may otherwise be expressed. It is time that the producer should dwell on uniformity of pronunciation when dealing with plays from foreign tongues. Mispronunciation spoils the make-believe; and since it is already difficult enough for an English actor to jump into a French skin, great care should be taken to avoid little details which render the improbable incredible. When we hear, in a French play, an Englishman spoken of as "Sir Smith," or "le lor' Mère," we laugh or we shudder, according to our tympanum; but what a Frenchman feels when he is regaled with "Soozan," "Roo," or, in costume plays, "Monsiou le Duke," is best left beyond conjecture. And it is time that now, when our performances are often approaching the perfection of histrionic art, we should break with a bad habit which conveys the unmerited impression of slipshodness and ignorance.

Mr. Louis Verneuil, the author of "*Daniel*," is twenty-seven, and he has written, so we hear, twelve plays. The latter fact is amazing; I can well understand the former. It is a young man's play in the best and in the less laudatory sense of the word. It is bold, and it is somewhat brutally frank; it is discursive and it makes for effect. When I listened to it—this strange story of infidelity and palliation of the heroine by the morphia-maniac brother of her husband, I had to press my temples very hard to take it all in; and when I had tried to sift the torrential dialogue, somewhat deliberately delivered by our actors, I felt as benumbed. My heavens! how these people talked, and what profusion of words they used to explain the simplest little thing! Undoubtedly this loquacity is the fruit of youthful exuberance; time will chasten and lop this exotic *flore* of speech and verbal imagery. It is, in a way, the fault of a quality. Verneuil has so much to say in wonderment of the maelstrom of life around him that he does not know when to stop. But more serious is the fact that the climax of his story hinges on a cardinal point which those who understand life cannot accept. Why should the

did it in Brussels, where the play was first produced, cheered by the audience and greatly dimembered by critics who are not coaxed into appreciating every play from Paris as heavenly manna. So it is difficult to look upon "*Daniel*" as anything more than the curious effort and promise of a young man who will arrive, when he sees life more clearly, and through the eyes of



"THE MANNER OF THEIR DEATHS? I DO NOT SEE THEM BLEED": CLEOPATRA (MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT); CHARMIAN (MISS MARGARET CALTHROP); AND IRAS (MISS PAULISE DE BUSH), IN THE LAST SCENE OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."—[Photograph by Hills and Saunders.]

experience rather than through the inverted opera-glasses of much reading and some imagination.

To me the outstanding performance was that of Mr. Aubrey Smith, the reasoner of the play. It was a human picture of sense and composure, the one character indicating Verneuil's budding power of characterisation. Mr. Lyn Harding as the

Telegraaf; "This play is so far the most important event of the season—perhaps the only event of importance." What balm this must be to the soul of Temple Thurston, since so many over here have more or less conveyed to him the message that no one is a prophet in his own country—at any rate, in the critics' eyes!

"GALE"-MAKING BY AEROPLANE PROPELLER: AN ÆOLUS OF THE FILMS.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN," BY COURTESY OF THAT PAPER.



CAPABLE OF PRODUCING "ANYTHING FROM A GENTLE BREEZE TO A FULL-FLEDGED HURRICANE": AN AERO-MOTOR AND PROPELLER CAUSE A REALISTIC WIND-STORM AT AN AMERICAN FILM STUDIO.

Cinema audiences have been taught to demand realism. If a tornado, or a shipwreck, or a fire happens in the story, it must be shown—not merely announced—on the screen. "Wind-storms," says the "Scientific American," describing the ingenious appliance here illustrated, "are often required in photo-plays. They do not always occur when wanted, and it costs time and money to wait for them. So a mechanical genius at one of the Fort Lee, N.J., studios got busy and developed a sure method of producing a wind-storm wherever and

whenever wanted. Taking a light automobile chassis and an eight-cylinder airplane motor fitted with a propeller, he developed a compact (and portable) wind-machine. When in operation it has to be chained to the ground lest it start off on its own account. The propeller blows the air past the engine, and towards the scenery, as shown. The speed of the engine may be controlled so as to obtain anything from a gentle breeze to a full-fledged hurricane capable of bowling over the scenery."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OCCASIONS OF NOTABLE INTEREST: NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



MUSICAL MINERS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE ST. HILDA COLLIERY BAND PLAYING IN THE FORECOURT BEFORE THE KING.



PARLIAMENT'S ROLL OF HONOUR: SHIELDS PLACED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN MEMORY OF MEMBERS FALLEN IN THE WAR.



WITH CREW ENCLOSED AND READY TO DIVE INTO THE WATER: A NEW DUTCH "UNSINKABLE" LIFEBOAT.



TAKING THE WATER: THE "SCHUTTEVAER" LIFEBOAT, WITH CREW INSIDE, DIVES.



AFTER A DEMONSTRATION IN VERY ROUGH WEATHER: THE "SCHUTTEVAER" LIFEBOAT AT YMUIDEN.



PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA IN THE ETON O.T.C.: DRINKING FROM HIS WATER-BOTTLE AFTER A ROUTE MARCH IN RICHMOND PARK.



THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AND THE NEW COLONIAL SECRETARY: LORD READING (LEFT) AND MR. CHURCHILL AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER.

The Band of the St. Hilda Colliery played in the Forecourt of Buckingham Palace during the lunch hour on February 9. It was under the direction of Mr. William Halliwell. This band gained a 1000-guinea trophy at a national contest held at the Crystal Palace.—Shields enamelled on copper have been placed in the House of Commons, opposite the Speaker's Chair, in memory of M.P.'s who lost their lives in the war. The four seen in our photograph are (from left to right) those of Captain the Hon. Harold Thomas Cawley, William Glynne Charles Gladstone, the Hon. Arthur Edward Bruce O'Neill, and the Hon. T. C. Agar-Robartes. The

shields are the work of the Birmingham Guild.—A new type of lifeboat, named the "Schuttevaer" after its inventor, has been successfully tested in Holland. It can be enclosed, with about thirty people inside, and thrown into the water.—Prince Nicholas of Roumania, who is at Eton, took part in the College O.T.C. Field Day in Richmond Park.—The English-Speaking Union gave a dinner in honour of Lord Reading at the Hyde Park Hotel on February 12. Our photograph shows Lord Reading, Mr. Churchill (who presided), Mrs. Davis (wife of the American Ambassador), and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES IX.—WATER-SKI; WEBBED SWIMMING-GLOVES; FLY-WRAPS FOR HORSES; UMBRELLA CAPES AND HATS; WATER-TANKS AS SHIPS' EMERGENCY EXITS; AUTOMATIC GUN "SCARE-CROWS."

The water-ski illustrated above might well become popular. "Upon the underside, each appliance is fitted with one or more pivoted or hinged vanes or paddles, of channel shape and designed to resist any rearward movement of the appliance when in water, but fold or yield when the appliance moves forwardly."—The webbed glove for swimmers seems to be a simple and sensible device.—Any attempt to protect horses against flies, as in our illustration above, deserves

encouragement.—Inventors of patent umbrellas appear to lack a sense of humour, and to be unaware that most people shrink from looking ridiculous.—The water-tank emergency exit is designed more particularly for "closed magazines or turrets of battleships, or engine or boiler rooms, cargo spaces or other compartments in vessels."—The scare-gun is fired by clockwork. The magazine of blank cartridges is just behind and above the barrel.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

It is a keen pleasure to see yet another volume of the admirable translations of the works of M. Anatole France, which are being published at the Bodley Head. "LITTLE PIERRE" (John Lane; 7s. 6d. net), the work of transmutation by J. Lewis May, keeps up to the high level of the preceding volumes in the series. The wise Frenchman is the tender ironist in this charming story, in which he describes little Pierre's longing for the Unseen World, and it may serve as an introduction to the other volumes, which express his darker pessimism, depicting mankind for ever building up super-civilised communities that are doomed sooner or later to collapse in dust and uproar, and so exhausting its energy in a never-ending cycle of endeavour and disappointment. There is, it must be admitted, something of the marionette in most of Anatole France's characters. It has been said: "They are embodied comments upon life, but they do not live." That is because their maker is among them, but not of them—for he cannot cherish any of the ideals or illusions whereby men live, not even Man's final illusion that the wreck of all human hopes has a dreadful beauty because it is according to pre-ordination. But it was when he drew upon the quick memories of his childhood, so near to his heart though far behind the blue hills of Time, and created for us the immortal picture of the innocent, wayward, positive, romantic little Pierre Nozière, that he came nearest—as near as ever an asymptote falls towards its hyperbola reaching out into infinity—to creating a living, breathing human being. It is clear that he finds him by far the most attracting of all the protagonists in his comedy of unreason. He himself is, at certain moments, the very child he so lovingly depicts (does he ever see in this the last illusion of self-esteem?) as in the exquisite story of how, after visiting a regal chocolate-shop, he attempted to present its splendours in play, but forgot an all-important point and asked his mother: "Est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète que donne de l'argent?" He is this child at times (the only miracle he ever accepted by a momentary implication), yet, as he sadly says, there is no link of reality between them.

Je suis un autre personne que l'enfant dont je parle. Nous n'avons plus en commun, lui et moi, un atome de substance ni de pensée. Maintenant qu'il m'est

devenu tout à fait étranger, je puis en sa compagnie me distraire de la mienne. Je l'aime, moi qui ne m'aime ni ne me hais. Il m'est doux de vivre en pensée les jours qu'il vivait, et je souffre de respirer l'air du temps où nous sommes.

Here, then, is a fitting introduction to a wisdom which is quite non-English, being an urbane *non possumus* rooted in the letters and life of the Roman Empire. We English can no more produce an Anatole France than we can produce a Horace or a Lucretius, with both of whom he has analogies. It is as well that he should have been translated, for even if his French can be clearly understood—no easy matter, for his style resembles a diamond which is brightly translucent, yet never meant to be seen through—the technicalities of the antiquary, archaeologist, philosopher, historian, and seer make obstacles to interpretation which a clever translator can deftly remove. The January number of the *Bodleian*, Mr. Lane's clever little monthly magazine, which can be had for the asking, will help those who knew not Anatole France to feel and obey the lure of his tonic irony. Mr. Hardy leaves you unhappy in your hopelessness; but M. Anatole France, though he leaves you helpless as well as hopeless, pours mystical comfort into your earthen cup.

A new edition of "POEMS" (Macmillan; 12s. net) by William Ernest Henley, under whom I served a joyous apprenticeship to letters, is to me an event that thrills all the nerves of remembrance. When, I wonder, are we to have his biography, from the only person who could possibly write it—to wit, Mr. Charles Whibley, who is keeping us all waiting a day or two too long? Very few indeed of these poems date themselves; "A Song of Speed"—

Speed as a chattel;
Speed in your daily
Accent and economy;
One with your wines,
And your books, and your bath—
Speed!

does so because the blue levels of the air are faster and smoother than any turnpike road, as well we know to-day, and also because it is dedicated to—Alfred Harmsworth! Lord help us, how time runs on and on, while oblivion scatters her poppy! But the form of it is so ultra-modern that nobody who had not read it years ago would be surprised at seeing it in a new book by, say, Mr. Aldous Huxley.

Indeed, I cannot find a single poem which has yet incurred the fate threatened in the lines prefacing "Three Prologues"—

The Artist muses at his ease,
Contented that his work is done,
And smiling—smiling!—as he sees
His crowd collecting, one by one.
Alas! His travail's but begun!
None, none can keep the years in line,
And what to Ninety-Eight is fun
May raise the gorge of Ninety-Nine!

Henley was the greatest poetical experimentalist that ever lived, and on whatever by-way you stand, O young and adventurous poet, a glance back to the beginning of the lane will disclose a glimpse of that fiery-haired fighter whom fate crumpled up and compelled to scrap only in the literary ring—what a heavyweight he was there, and what a punch he had! If you want to find poetry which reads and rings like brasses and bells in another age, almost on another planet, read the "COLLECTED POEMS" (Macmillan and Co.; 12s. net) of Frederic W. H. Myers, which have been edited by his wife, with autobiographical and critical fragments.

But his lines on "The Ballerina's Progress"—

Lightly she comes, as though
no weight she wore,
The very daughter and delight
of air—

are fresh and fair as though written last night; and, if the rest be old and strange, it is none the less



A NOVELIST OF SUSSEX: MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, AUTHOR OF "GREEN APPLE HARVEST."

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has made Sussex her literary province. Her latest novel is "Green Apple Harvest." Among others well known are "Tamarisk Town" and "Sussex Gorse." She has also published "Willow's Forge and Other Poems," and a study of John Galsworthy.

Photograph by Warschauski Studios, St. Leonard's.

poetry. And the sadness that never waxes old sighs in the last quatrain on the last page—

I care no more to learn or teach,
I love no more my breath,
And all but silent is my speech,
My life is all but death.

"THE TWELVE" (Chatto and Windus; 6s. net), by Alexander Blok, is described as the "first masterpiece of Bolshevik letters" by its translator. We are also told that it embodies an effort on the part of the Russian author to create a new form of poetry. It is interesting to compare his results with the poetical passages I have quoted above. His method is to use the most prosaic words and relate the most commonplace experiences. Here is a specimen—

But where is Kate? She's dead, she's dead!
A bullet has gone through her head!
Well, Kate, are you happy? Mum's the go!
Lie there, you carrion, in the snow!

I do not find such stuff grateful or comforting, or likely even to touch my soul to that profound, not unpleasing, melancholy which is supposed to be a Slav prerogative. The illustrations by one Michael Larionov are not much inferior to those made on paper pilfered out of my desk by a little daughter who is not quite four years old. The point is that this sort of thing has already been done over and over again—recently by several of Marinetti's disciples, and, long before that, by all sorts and conditions of illiterate lunatics. Here is an example collected from "Le Journal de Charenton," which out-Bolshevik this Bolshevik Blok and yet expresses an idea that would have pleased many mediæval philosophers—

Les dents, la bouche!
Les dents la bouchent!
L'aidant la bouche!
L'aide en la bouche!
Laides en la bouche!
Lait dans la bouche!
Les dents, la bouche!

The subtle modulations of the primary line are exquisite to a degree, and I hope this incomparable lyric will be imitated by some of our eager-eared Celtic poets, even if they have to retire into the "bee-loud" glade of the nearest asylum to beat their music out. The egregious Blok's volume is not a book, but a symptom of social G.I.P. And his best "lyrics" are merely a few additional straws for the chaplet of King Lear as he strides for ever through the everlasting rain.



PART AUTHOR OF "THE NINTH EARL": MRS. BAILEY (MAY EDGINTON).

Mrs. Bailey is both dramatist and novelist. She collaborated with Mr. Rudolf Besier in "The Ninth Earl," due at the Comedy next month, and is part author of "The Prude's Fall." "His Lady Friends" was adapted from her novel, "Oh, James!"—[Photo, Yvonne.]

OPENING UP MOROCCO: "DRIVE THE ROAD AND BRIDGE THE FORD."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



SHOWING NEW MASONRY ADDED TO LEVEL THE ROAD: A BRIDGE OVER THE MAHDOUMA BETWEEN FEZ AND MEQUINEZ, WITH A FRENCH MOTOR CHAR-À-BANCS SERVICE; AND ANCIENT STEPPING STONES.

French administration and commercial enterprise are doing much to open up Morocco, where the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique have established a motor *char-à-bancs* service on the new road from Fez, the capital, to Mequinez. As the distance is only forty miles, and Mequinez was an important residence of the Sultans, there was constant intercourse between the two cities, and in former days bridges were built over several rivers on the route. "Roads in the proper sense of the word," writes Mr. Forestier, "did not exist then, no vehicles being used. Since the making of roads by the French, the bridges have been repaired and

raised by superstructure to the straight road level, the previous steep inclines of their causeway scarcely allowing, especially when the bridge was built at a sharp turning, the safe passage of the numerous motor-cars and lorries that ply from one city to the other. The drawing shows an old bridge thus treated over the Mahdouma. One can trace the difference of tone between the old and new masonry and the outline of the old structure. Below the bridge the river forms a shallow lake, crossed from time immemorial by a row of stepping-stones, still largely used by pedestrians."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MORE ABOUT VITAMINES.

THE researches now being conducted at the Lister Institute have taught us more about vitamins than at one time seemed possible. Following up the trail pointed out by Professor Gowland Hopkins, who occupies the Chair of Biochemistry in the University of Cambridge, experiments on puppies, guinea-pigs, and rats have shown that vitamins are of more than one kind, and may even prove to be as diversified as protoplasm itself. Up to the present, three have been isolated and labelled, after the current fashion in such matters, A, B, and C respectively. Of these, A is soluble in fat, and is so necessary to infant life that its absence or deficiency will instantly produce rickets. It is present in many substances, of which cod-liver oil in the animal kingdom and cabbage in the vegetable are, perhaps, the most common, and certainly exhibit the greatest quantity of it. Then comes Vitamine B, soluble in water, and occurring most frequently and in greatest quantity in yeast, yolk of egg, fruit-juices, and meat. This is a most valuable antidote to neuritis and other kindred complaints, although its effects seem to be less marked than is the case with Vitamine A. Although not absolutely necessary to infant life, it is yet much concerned with growth, puppies from whose dietary it is excluded failing to put on weight, although thriving in other respects. Lastly comes Vitamine C, the search for which originally formed the mainspring for the whole inquiry. This, which is found in nearly all vegetables, including potatoes, is the only effective anti-scorbutic known, and its earlier discovery might have saved many valuable lives in the Navy and elsewhere from the days of Queen Bess onwards. It is not, however, largely present in milk, which forms a pretty useful source for the other two.

What these vitamins are remains a puzzle. Dr. Arthur Harden, from whose admirably clear lectures lately delivered at the Royal Institution most of the above information is derived, hints that they may be related to the "enzymes" or ferments which play so large a part in the chemistry of certain forms of life; and, as the head of the Biochemical Department of the Lister Institute, his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect. Another theory is that they are merely hormones, or substances resembling certain

seems now further from realisation than ever. For years we have heard that the food of man should consist of protein, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral salts in certain proportions which were beginning to be ascertained with some degree of accuracy. It seemed to follow that in course of time it might be possible to make them synthetically. Yet now it appears that these things are insufficient in themselves to support healthy life and growth, and that food that will do so contains other elements that up till now defy analysis.

Other popular delusions are also knocked on the head by these discoveries. It is an idea much fostered by talented novelists and others that fruits, other vegetables, and water are the natural food of mankind, and that it would be better for all of us if we devoured nothing else. Yet the quantity of vitamins contained in these substances is a small, almost an infinitesimal, proportion of their total bulk, and the quantity of them which one would have to consume to support life would leave most of us without sufficient time to earn their cost. Apart from this, the consumption of so large a quantity of vegetable food would certainly over-tax the stomach of any animal less capacious than a cow; while, as even the moderate heat of cooking destroys more or less all the vitamins, it would have to be eaten raw and freshly gathered. Even with milk, the amount of vitamins that it contains varies sharply with the food of the animal that produces it; so that Dr. Harden is

now trying to find out whether winter milk, when the cows are fed on roots and oil-cake, cannot be made as rich in them as that produced in summer, when the cattle are grass-fed. Thus it is that in science, as in other matters, the place where the rainbow touches the ground is always a field further on. Nevertheless, the work of the Lister Institute has increased the sum of human knowledge appreciably. More power to it!

F. L.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE WAR MEMORIAL AT HIS OLD COLLEGE (MAGDALEN): A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION.

The Prince of Wales visited Oxford on February 8, and received the diploma of his degree in the Sheldonian Theatre, where he made a felicitous speech. Later he attended the dedication of the War Memorial at Magdalen, his old college, and unveiled a tablet and the Roll of Honour. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Winchester, the Visitor of the College. In the above group, from left to right (beginning with the fourth from left) are the Archbishop of York; Lady Warren; Mr. Hansell, the Prince's former tutor (behind Lady Warren); Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen; the Prince; Captain A. F. Lascelles (at back); the Bishop of Winchester; and (extreme right) Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

secretions of the animal organism which, like catalysts in mineral chemistry, stir up other bodies to activity without undergoing any perceptible change themselves. It is along this line that future inquiry into vitamins seems likely to develop.

These new facts have some very practical results. The hope expressed that it may eventually be possible to manufacture food in the laboratory instead of living, as we now do, upon the lower animals and plants,

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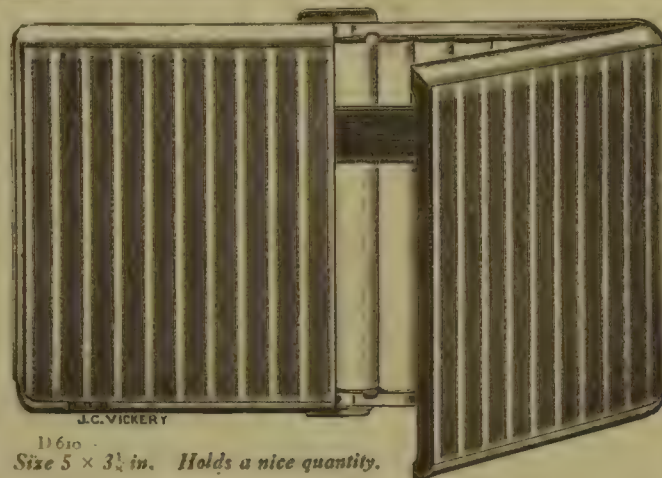
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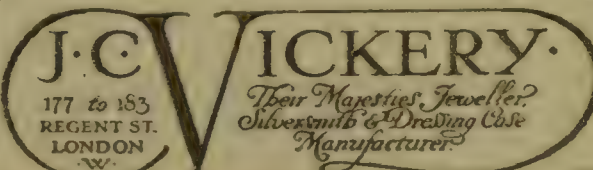
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LADIES' NEWS.

THE Opening of Parliament is not much of an occasion for dress; not many Peeresses have new frocks for it. It comes too soon to get the very latest ideas embodied; it is not a good place to show pretty clothes; and the safest gowns, where there is so much colour, are those of black or white. The display of jewels is quite another matter; it is a function where brilliance is called for, and tiaras have been taken out of strong-rooms, and were cleaned in readiness to sparkle their very brightest in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The Grenadier Guards were very fine in their scarlet tunics and bearskins, wearing the tokens on their tunics of the war they had helped to win. The Yeomen of the Guard never had anything but their Tudor red-and-black-and-gold uniforms. They looked new, and, as ever, most picturesque.

The wedding of Captain the Hon. Alexander and Mrs. Hardinge last week was quite an affair, seeing that the King, the Queen, the Duke of York, and Princess Mary honoured it and the subsequent reception by being present. The Cecils are, of course, of the old school—exclusive, quietly dignified, and averse from all ostentation. Even they, however, could not hide such a royal visit under a bushel. The Hardinges of Penshurst are very much of the Cecil mind; yet that our Ambassador in Paris, his son and his daughter, were gratified was apparent. Who would not have been? The King very gallantly added a favour of white heather, handed to him by a pretty bridesmaid, to the white carnation he was already wearing; then he told her not to go out in the cold. The Hon. Diamond Hardinge braved the cutting wind in her blue chiffon dress, to take favours to the non-coms of the Grenadier Guards and the police outside the church. Very brisk and very well looked Mr. Arthur Balfour. Lord Robert Cecil is certainly something like a fair Savonarola, and sat for some time with the collar of his coat turned up, as if he felt a draught. Princess Mary was much interested in the little blue-clad Earl of Burlington, son of Lady Hartington, who, as Lady Mary Cecil, was a chosen companion of her Royal Highness. The Duke of York found many friends to talk to at the reception held at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street. There were a number of Court people present, as Captain Hardinge is one of his Majesty's assistant

private secretaries. It was just on the cards that the wedding might have to be postponed, as he had a touch of jaundice, which happily proved slight. The Queen cautioned him to keep his overcoat buttoned up. There was a baby in the gallery that objected to the whole proceedings at the top of its apparently strong and healthy lungs; and after



A LACE EVENING GOWN.

On a foundation of black taffetas soft black lace is laid, with a fullness which suggests that Spain has inspired the skirt. At the waist is a cocarde of red and blue with long streamers in the same colours.—[Photograph by Paul O. Doyé.]

the service had begun a number of people took their places in the gallery very noisily, which was disconcerting to all concerned, and should have been avoided.

Mrs. Hartog, who has the house in Upper Grosvenor Street which belonged to the late Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki, lent it to Lady Henry Somerset for a sale and *café chantant* in aid of St. Barnabas' Guild for Trained Nurses. Princess Marie Louise opened it, and it was quite a successful two days' function. There were a number of nurses present, some looking very cheery in the red-caped and red-bound uniform of the Queen Alexandra Imperial Nurses. A number of footlight favourites contributed to the *café-chantant* programme. Some of the best-selling things were those made of fireproof earthenware from clay discovered recently near Lady Henry Somerset's Duxhurst Colony. They are most useful for cooking, quite moderate in price, and finer in finish than the ordinary fireproof earthenware.

I feel aggrieved: studies where Kings, Princes and Presidents do their work, as shown by models at the Efficiency Exhibition, are deeply interesting, especially the Prince of Wales's delightful ivory-white-and-moss-green room. Studies where Queens, Princesses, and wives of Presidents and Prime Ministers do their work would intrigue me even more. No doubt they are more like boudoirs, albeit the President of the French Republic's room, in magnificent Louis XVI. style, is ornate enough for any woman. The King of Spain's taste in a study shows the Spaniard in him more than the lover of England. For our dull clime, its dark oak, grey walls, and stone fireplace would be dull. For his sunshiny country, the sombre effect is probably a relief. The Afghan rugs on the parquet floor I liked, but prefer the Prince of Wales's mossy carpet. The King of Norway's study, in rough cast and brown oak, is foreign to my ideas, but I love the carved Norwegian furniture which King Haakon has lent. It is quite nice to know the kind of rooms all these rulers sit and work in, but I want to know what the apartments are like where the super-rulers work?

We were all waiting impatiently for the German millions for our income-tax to come down. A financier of our acquaintance gave us quite a cold douche by assuring us that we had as much chance of getting this tax lowered as we had of flying without either wings or machines. What we want is, he says, gold, and Germany has none, or none that we know of: so we may be able to buy Teuton things cheap, but we must pay tax on our incomes just the same. Very disappointing, we all thought it. A. E. L.

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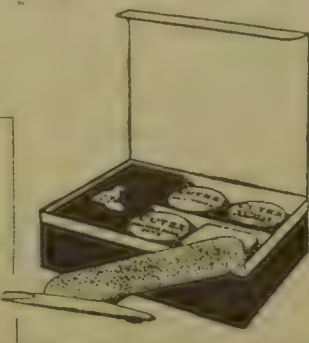
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Future of Roads.

Whatever may be his failings in certain directions, the Minister of Transport is an optimist of parts. His Department is known as the most grandiose of all the Ministries, big and little, and it would seem

money and a few other considerations permitted, provide work for all the surveyors in the country for long years to come.

This last occasion was the annual meeting of the Surveyors' Institution, and it found the Minister in great form. He indicated the main lines upon which the roads of the future would be planned, constructed, and classified. They will have their camber flattened, the radius of curves increased, the sight-line improved at corners, tortuous thoroughfares widened and straightened, gradients eased, bridges widened and strengthened; avoiding roads will be made round towns and new trunk highways across country be constructed. We shall have better road-surfaces and more durable. The old water-bound macadam is to disappear, and will give place to something a good deal better. In fact, not to labour the matter unduly, under the benevolent ægis of the Ministry of Transport we are about to enter upon a species of roads millennium—a period in which we are to have such roads as we have thought could exist nowhere but in the place to which all good motorists go after their decess.

Who is to Pay? It all sounds very well,

until one comes to think out the problem of where the money is to be found to pursue these grandiose schemes of road improvement. I am not an expert in economic matters (neither, I imagine, is the Minister of Transport), but I do know enough of them to be able to appreciate that we can only have these wonderfully engineered roads by adding to the weight of taxation already borne by the most highly taxed community of the world. Certainly the cost of inaugurating all the magnificent improvements foreshadowed is not provided for in the current Finance Act. It is as much as we can do to find the money to put the existing roads back into the condition they were before the war. I agree that it would be excellent to have these things; but the first question that one has to ask when something seems desirable is: Can it be afforded? Naturally, as a motorist, and a keen one, I am all for having the best possible roads; but I am not—needing no votes—inclined to visualise with equanimity

an addition of another shilling or two in the pound to the income tax in order that Sir Eric Geddes and his merry men may proceed to work their will with the King's highway.

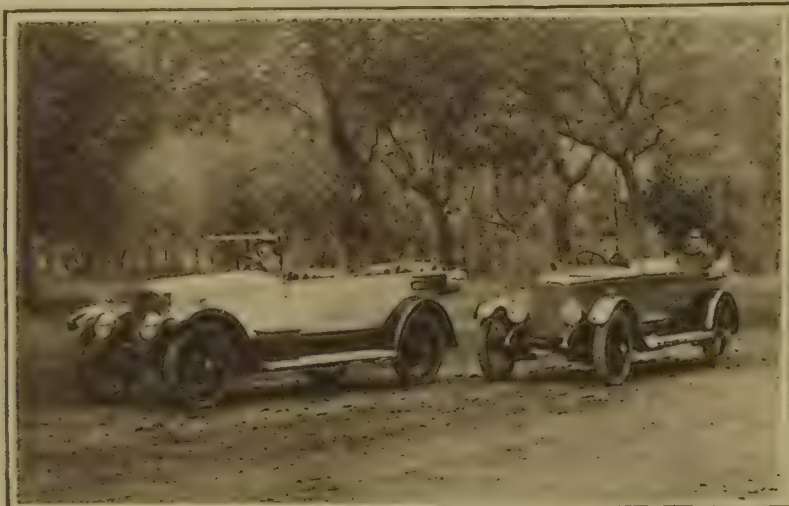
One direction in which he expects to find an El Dorado is among the motoring community. He told his audience with pride that he was now getting £8,000,000 a year from the motorists, and he hoped that before long it would be £12,000,000! True, he said he hoped to get it not as a result of increased taxation, but of increased use; but the main thing seems to be that he expects to get an additional £4,000,000 a year, in one way or another, from the users of mechanically propelled road traffic.—W. W.

"Debrett's Peerage" for 1921 (Dean and Son) is a welcome sight to those (and their name is legion) who rely upon it for accurate and detailed information about the world of rank and title. In a period of change like the last six years its value increases correspondingly with the labour of editing it. Some



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that he feels it is up to him to talk in a strain befitting the importance, real or assumed, of the task he and his henchmen have taken upon themselves, to co-ordinate the transport of the country. The trouble is that he also seems to tell each audience exactly what it would like to hear. When he opened the Commercial Vehicle Show some months ago, he endeavoured to pose as the greatest friend that mechanical road transport has ever had. When, as a fortnight ago, he addresses a gathering of surveyors, he opens up a rosy vista of great road engineering works which would, if it were possible to find the



IN PALERMO PARK, BUENOS AIRES: TWO 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-KINGTON CARS.

idea of the immensity and complexity of that task may be gained from Mr. Arthur Hesilrige's preface to the new edition, with its terrifying statistics of corrections and additions. During the past twelve months alone over 1700 new honours have had to be recorded. Congratulations are due to him that throughout the war, and since, "Debrett" has surmounted all difficulties and appeared punctually to time.

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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

KESHAB D DE (Calcutta).—We are very pleased to learn you are able to resume your attentions to chess without detriment to your other work. Your problem shall be carefully examined and reported upon later.

H J M (Hampstead).—Problem received with thanks. Trust to find it correct.

W H ROBINSON (Walthamstow).—Your question is too vague. Kindly give us the definite position either by a diagram or by the usual notation.

CHES IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the First-Class Tournament of the British Chess Federation held in Edinburgh between the Rev. W. A. CUNNINGHAM CRAIG and Mr. L. C. G. DEWING.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Rev. W. A. C. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L. C. G. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles	P to K 2nd
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd
8. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th
9. B to B 2nd	P to B 4th
10. P to Q 3rd	Q to B 2nd
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
12. Kt to B sq	Kt to B 3rd
13. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 4th
14. P to K R 3rd	P to R 5th

Both advances of this Pawn were altogether weak. Black ought to have developed his Q B at K B 5th or K 3rd at once.

15. P to K Kt 4th B to K 3rd
16. Kt to Kt 3rd P to Kt 3rd
17. K to R 2nd Kt to K sq
18. R to K Kt sq Kt to Kt 2nd
19. B to R 6th K R to K sq
20. Kt to B 5th B to K B sq
21. Q to Q 2nd

A most interesting position. White very skilfully keeps alive the danger of capturing his Kt until he is in a position to let it go.

22. P to B 3rd
Kt (B 3) to R 4

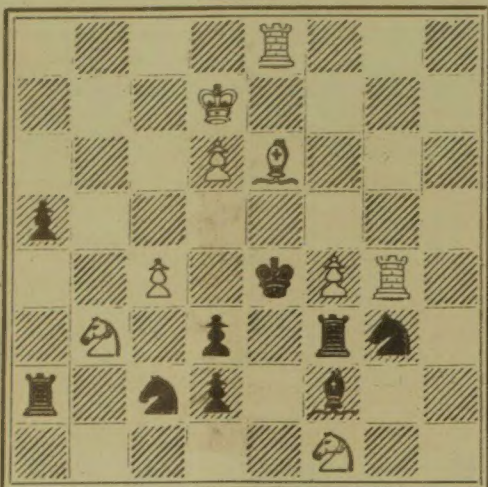
The beginning of a beautiful combination, the development of which, however, does not exhaust

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3852.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE
1. Kt to Q 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK
Any move

PROBLEM No. 3854.—By A. M. SPARKE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3849 received from Keshab D De (Calcutta), Henry A Seller (Denver), P N Banerji (Benares), H F Marker (Porbandar), and Hornby Road (Bombay); of No. 3850 from J B Camara (Madeira), Walter M Learnard (San Diego), Keshab D De (Calcutta), and Henry A Seller (Denver), of No. 3851 from J B Camara (Madeira); of No. 3852 from W Strangman Hill (Palmerston), G M Hallen (Bournemouth), W C D Smith (Northampton), Jas. T Palmer (Church), Jas. F Finlay (Irvine), E J Gibbs (East Ham), Chas. Redway (Putney), E M Vickers (Norfolk), A Van Labalmondine, R.N. (Cologne), J W Sefton (Bolton), P W Hunt (Bridgewater), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), Leon Ryiski (Bel-fast), and Edward Bygott (Middletown).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3853 received from H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), A H H (Bath), John Harding (Lewisham), and H W Satow (Bangor).

"THE WONDERFUL VISIT," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

NO sensible playgoer will make it a fault in Mr. H. G. Wells, the inventor, or in Mr. St. John Ervine, the stage adapter, of "The Wonderful Visit," that its theme of a celestial stranger's coming to earth and disturbing its conventionalities is far from unfamiliar in these days. Mr. Wells being what he is, a critic of old worlds and a maker of new, pictured his angel as asking endless questions about the baffling human cosmos into which he was pitchforked, and growing more and more dissatisfied. Mr. Ervine, being a practised playwright, has taken but the skeleton of the Wellsian tale, and pushed forward its time into that of the war. On the whole, it may be said that the adapter brings off successfully his experiment. It is all interesting, dramatic, thought-compelling, and when it is not pathetic it has delightfully humorous passages of dialogue. The only thing seriously wrong is the conventionality of its pictorial side, thirty years at least behind the times. Beautiful acting from Miss Moyna MacGill as the girl mother, rich comedy from Miss Compton, good imaginative work from Mr. Harold French in the angel's rôle, and just the right spell-bound performance from Mr. J. H. Roberts as the Vicar, provide an interpretation worthy the theme and the playwright.

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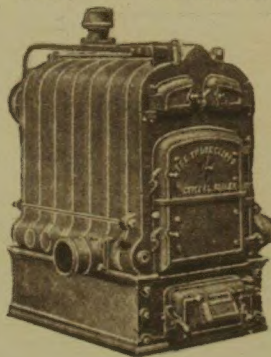
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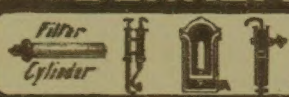
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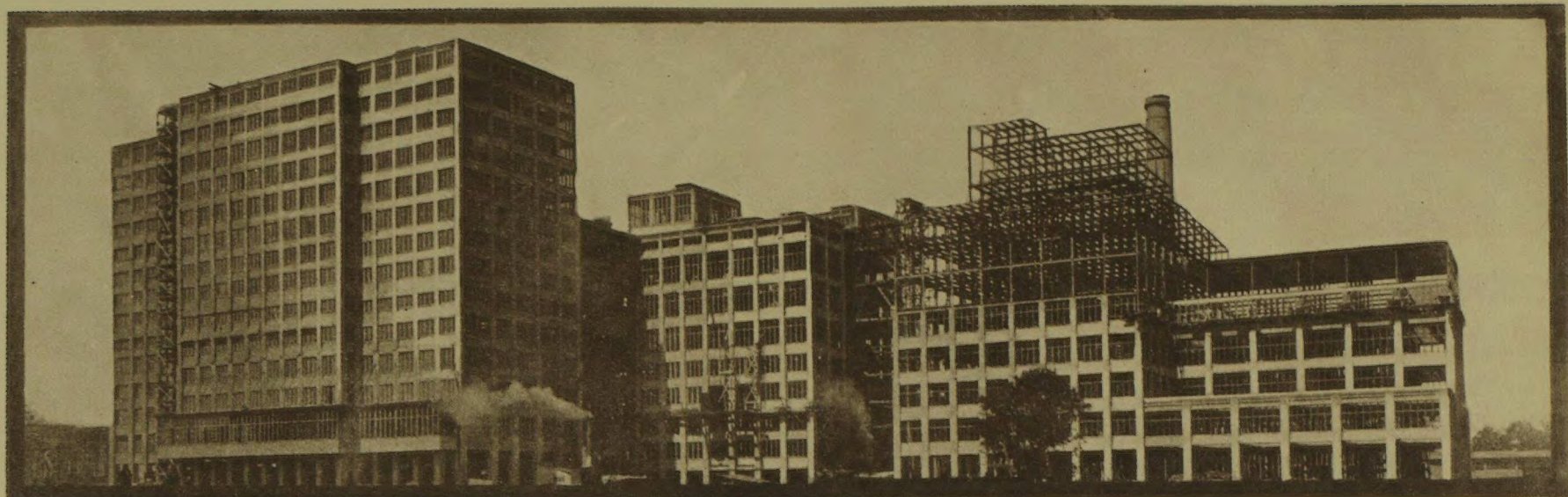
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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THIS week has seen the reception of the representative of our Polish Ally, with all the pomp and circumstance that are usually associated with the State visits of friendly monarchs. Maréchal Pilsudski must have been impressed with the ceremony that dogged his very footsteps during his brief visit. The newspapers have reproduced full-page photographs of his manly features, each word uttered by him has been faithfully recorded, and columns have been filled with eulogies of the Polish Army and all that it has accomplished. Yet it is not so very long since Poland exasperated Europe by throwing away the fruits of a just victory by her ungenerous attitude as a conqueror.

Much of the fighting of the last twelve months could have been avoided if she had been willing to conclude a reasonable peace when she was in a position to dictate her own terms. The obstinacy of Poland at that juncture undoubtedly retarded the general peace of Europe. Now, however, a new era has dawned, and Maréchal Pilsudski came to us as the living embodiment of a resuscitated Poland, purged by the trials of the past years, filled with renewed hope and courage for the future, and eager for the goodwill of the Allies.

History has taught us that after every great war there has invariably followed a recrudescence of crime, more or less violent, but never, I think—certainly in this city—has there been such a wave of evil-doing as is sweeping over Paris at this moment. After many months of wholesale robbery in every quarter of the town, it yet required the most violent protests and urgent representations to induce the authorities to move in the matter. Daylight robberies in jewellers' shops have become quite common occurrences. As for street robberies at night, it seems like going back to the eighteenth century to hear of people held up on the Quai d'Orsay, for instance, at midnight, and robbed by a "gentlemanly fellow in a mask," who playfully points a revolver at your head.

Another form of theft easy to practise in this country, where the habit of presenting open receipted bills is common, was recently tried on a friend of mine who was clever enough to see through the ruse. A young man, purporting to come from a certain well-known establishment, presented an apparently genuine bill for the correct amount due, and asked for the money; but something in the man's manner

aroused suspicion. The firm was telephoned to; they immediately denied all knowledge of the messenger, and the man was arrested on leaving the house.

The shortage of police has a great deal to do with the present state of affairs, which is really a scandal in a city such as Paris; but the authorities are now taking steps to round up the criminals who are preying on the Parisians in hordes, and I was recently shown an extremely interesting report giving details



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of an amazing number of arrests by the police in the last month. However, the same informant told me that it would probably take several months to clear the town completely, which is not exactly consoling to one who has to live here.

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

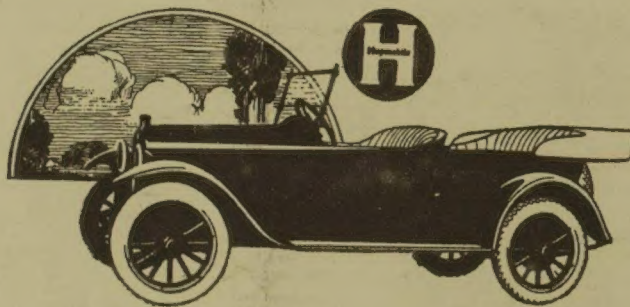
BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

DURING Christmas and New Year the Swiss Post Office issues special stamps which are valid for use on all domestic mail matter, but are sold at a "sou" above their actual postage franking value. These are known as the Children's Stamps, the stamps "Pro Juventute." While they serve as ordinary postage-stamps, the extra charge at which they are sold at the post-offices goes to benefit the voluntary institutions which devote themselves to child welfare, especially in the matter of the prevention of tuberculosis amongst children. Three of these stamps have just been issued for the current season, and they, together with the two preceding issues, form a most interesting set of heraldic stamp pictures, illustrating, in their correct colours, the arms of the cantons of Switzerland. They are all by a famous Bernese artist, Rudolf Mürger, and are beautifully printed in colours at the Swiss Federal Mint at Berne. Some collectors will already have the first two issues, but as, together with the new set, they form an interesting group, I am illustrating the complete set of eight stamps bearing the heraldic devices of the cantons.

In the first issue we get two values, the 10 centimes, red, black and yellow, with the arms of the canton of Uri; and the 15 centimes, violet, black, yellow and carmine, with the arms of Geneva. These, and all the others illustrated, are printed on a white paper, toned with buff colour.

In the second group we get three stamps: 7 1/2 centimes, red, black and grey, with the arms of Nidwalden; 10 centimes, green, black and red, with the arms of Vaud; and the 15 centimes, red, black and purple, with the arms of Obwalden.

The third group, which has just been issued, comprises three stamps: 7 1/2 centimes, grey and red; 10 centimes, red, blue and black; 15 centimes, violet, red and blue. The first, 7 1/2 centimes, bears the shield of one of the three original cantons, Schwyz, which gave its name to the Swiss Federation; the arms are enclosed in a frame in which appear a number of repetitions of an uplifted hand—as in the act of taking the oath—to symbolise the lead this canton took in the struggle for independence. On the 10 centimes is the shield of Zurich, in a frame adorned with cog-wheels, emblematic of the principal industrial region of Switzerland. Finally, on the 15 centimes, are the arms of Ticino (Tessin), with bricks to suggest architectural eminence.



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